

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *The Works of Ben Jonson, in nine volumes, with Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir.* By William Gifford. 1816.
2. *Poetical Works of Ben Jonson.* Edited by Robert Bell. 1756.

Who knows not "rare Ben Johnson," and his epitaph, so laconic, yet so laudatory?—Ben Jonson, the joyous reveller at the Mermaid and the Apollo, to whom Fletcher, Randolph, Herrick, offered their gayest anacreontics, and whose "wit-combats" with Shakespere Fuller has celebrated? There is scarcely a writer in the whole range of our literature better known to popular fame than he, and yet by how few is he read! Although the phrase, "our two great dramatic poets, Shakespere and Jonson," is so common that it might be stereotyped, very little is known of the marked difference between them. The case is, the finest works of Jonson are unknown to the general reader, for who among them has read his *Epigrams*, his *Forest*, his *Underwoods*, and how very few his beautiful *Masques*? We therefore thank Mr. Bell for his little volume, which brings Jonson the poet before the public.

A long literary career was Ben Jonson's, stretching out over forty years. He was contemporary of Greene and Marlowe, and of Killigrew and Davenant, the link between the two schools—how widely different!—of our dramatic literature; he was the friend of men who had rejoiced in the destruction of the Armada, and of those who hailed the Restoration. A chequered career too, was his, illustrating, in many curious traits, the literary life of his day. We will glance at it, in connection with his writings, and thus endeavor to bring Ben Jonson and his works pleasantly before our readers.

The little that can be ascertained of the birth and parentage of Ben Jonson is derived from his own account, as given to Drummond. From this we find that his grandfather was a native of Scotland, who, removing to Carlisle during the reign of Henry VIII., was subsequently taken into that

King's service. In the "Privy Purse Expenses," from 1529 to 1532, we find several entries of payments to one "John Johnson, Master of the King's barge," for "serving the King's highness," and also for the rent of a house at Westminster, "where the henxmen (pages) lye." It is very probable that this Johnson was the grandfather of the poet. His son, we learn from the same authority, possessed a considerable estate, but that he not only forfeited it, but suffered a long imprisonment, in the reign of Mary, for his attachment to Protestantism, and on the accession of Elizabeth he became a preacher—"a grave minister of the Gospel," according to Antony à Wood—a phrase which seems rather to indicate him as a devoted pastor and teacher, than as a mere "clerk in orders." He probably married rather late in life, as the poet seems to have been his only child; but this child he was not permitted to behold, for he died a short time before the birth of the unconscious orphan.

It was in 1573 that Benjamin Jonson was born, in Westminster, and there seems to have been some allusion to the mournful circumstances of his birth in the name—at this period a very uncommon one—that was given him; it seems to tell alike the grief of the surviving parent, and the joy she felt in her new-born child. Very little, however, is known of the mother; and from the solitary allusion Ben Jonson has made to her, she would seem to have been more remarkable for a fierce and indomitable spirit, than for the exercise of the gentler virtues. Fuller traces her, while Jonson was yet a little child, to "Hartshorn-lane, near Charing-cross, where she married a bricklayer for her second husband." The name of this second husband cannot be ascertained—the claim of Thomas Fowler, whom Malone and Gifford assign to her, having been disproved by the fact that he survived his third wife, who died in 1590, while Jonson's mother was undoubtedly living in 1604–5. The more important fact, however, that he treated his step-son with fatherly kindness, is, we think, well established.

The first instruction young Jonson received was, we are told, at a school at St. Martin's-in-the-fields—doubtless the free school there—and from thence he was sent to that at Westminster. Gifford, determined to assimilate the customs of the sixteenth century to those of the nineteenth, has lamented over the degradation of a clergyman's widow marrying a bricklayer, and has told us about some friend who, pitying the poor orphan, sent him at his own expense to Westminster School. Now, had that learned critic only condescended to have looked over the records in Strype, he would have found that the clergy in the days of Elizabeth occupied a far inferior station then, and that it was from among the small farmers and inferior tradesmen that their ranks were chiefly recruited; and have learnt, too, that although, in the nineteenth century, admission to Westminster School may require both money and interest, at this time it was, according to the intention of its foundress, "a free grammar school." It was expressly to afford an eleemosynary education to the youth of Westminster that Elizabeth founded Westminster School, and the bricklayer's step-son was as eligible as any one else. As the illustrious Camden was second master at the time when young Jonson was sent, and as he appears among his earliest friends, it is not unlikely that Camden might have been a friend of the family, and discovering the superior abilities of the young boy, might probably suggest his being sent thither. This is, however, but conjectural. That young Jonson amply profited by the advantages he thus secured, and always retained feelings of most grateful attachment to his master, are well-known facts.

How long Jonson remained at Westminster School, or whether it was originally intended that he should be sent to college, cannot be ascertained; but that he was *not* sent to Cambridge, but was taken from his studies to learn his step-father's calling, as he himself told Drummond, is proved both by the utter absence of any allusion to his college life in all his writings, and the omission of his name in the University Register. Among the numerous conjectures of Jonson's biographers as to the age at which he quitted Westminster School, it seems rather curious that the fact, that if he worked as a bricklayer he must have been an apprentice,

never occurred to them. There seems little doubt, therefore, that, at fourteen, the reluctant young scholar, who probably hoped to have gone to college, was taken from his cherished studies, and bound to his step-father to learn "the craft, art, and mystery of a bricklayer." We have an interesting picture given us, in a few words, by Fuller, where he tells us the future dramatist "helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, and, having a trowel in his hand, had a book in his pocket." But most distasteful was this drudgery; "he could not endure the occupation," as he told Drummond. The haughty spirit chafed at the mean employment; the daring, adventurous youth, not yet eighteen, thirsted for a more stirring life than the indentures of the apprentice would allow; so, like many another "prentice tall" of those days, he left his trade for the "gentlemanly profession of arms," and flung aside the trowel to trail a pike in the Low Countries.

It is very unlikely, we think, that this was with the consent of his step-father or his mother. The character of the volunteers employed in Flanders was very low; their pay was not good, their privations were often great; and, on their return, sick or maimed, their only resource was the pass—equally the right of the wandering beggar—and the precarious benevolence of the passer-by. Indeed, to go as a man-at-arms in the days of Elizabeth, was the climax of the hard fate generally prophesied to the escape-grace of the family.

Young Jonson, however, went. As large reinforcements were sent to Ostend—then garrisoned by English troops—in 1591, Gifford supposes this was the date of his enlistment, and Ostend probably his destination. His stay was short, apparently only one campaign; but his impulsive courage displayed itself by his killing an enemy in single combat, and carrying off his spoils in the sight of the two armies, as he told Drummond, exultingly, almost thirty years after. Whatever might be the cause of his returning so soon, disgust of his profession had no share in it. He seems to have ever looked back on his campaign in Flanders with pride and pleasure, always declaring he loved the profession of arms; and many years after, in his epigram addressed "To True Soldiers," he says—

"I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love,  
Your great profession, which I once did prove,  
And did not shame it by my actions then,  
No more than I now dare do with my pen."

It was probably about the close of 1591 that Jonson returned to England. He was now utterly without means of subsistence. Whether his father-in-law was still living is uncertain; but those biographers who seem to think that disgust of his trade alone prevented Jonson from resuming the trowel, are all forgetful that his indentures having been broken, he really could *not* return to his calling. If, as was most probably the case, he ran away, then the hard labor and hard fare of Bridewell—name of fear to the refractory apprentice of those days—were *in terrorem* before him; and well may we believe that that fiery spirit would endure every privation rather than risk the chance of such a punishment. In truth, the young soldier was now, in the eye of the law, "a masterless man," with no employment, without means of subsistence, forming one of that large class whose increasing numbers, during Elizabeth's reign, had so frequently awakened the anxieties of her ministers, and against whom so many stringent laws had of late been passed. Flung thus, a waif and stray, upon society, it is really creditable to the young adventurer of eighteen that he did not join some of the many bands of gipsies whose wild wandering life offered attractions to the youth of that day almost equal to those of the merry outlaws of Sherwood, or some company of bearwards, or jugglers, or, half beggar, half bully, haunt Tower-hill, or Moorfields, with courtly bow entreating the honorable gentleman "for the loan of a piece of silver, the price of two cans of beer"—a far more lucrative trade then, it would seem, than the one he adopted—but that he joined the most reputable class of outcasts, and became a "hiring player."

A singular phase of literary life does the biography of our dramatic writers, in the reign of Elizabeth, unfold to us. Men herding together in mean or disreputable localities, existing literally from hand to mouth, the "covenanted servants" of employers who had often risen from the lowest ranks as tapsters or bearwards—writers receiving the poor pittance, even in those days of "five shillings a weeke for the first

yeare, and six and eightpence for the seconde," and, if honored to compose or to altar plays, paid from three to five pounds in lingering instalments, or fifteen or twenty shillings for "addycions;" sometimes flaunting in hat and feather, and brave cloak of "cremysine, passimented wyth silvere," sometimes begging the loan of a threadbare "gowne, for all myne be in pawne;" sometimes carousing with sack and canary, or the Rhenish, so fatal to poor Greene, and then piteously praying for an advance of five shillings, to pay some necessary debt incurred for wife or child—how strange is this! But stranger still is it to remember that these men were mostly of good family, had received a university education, many authorized to write M.A. after their names, and all writers of vigorous prose, and sweetest and noblest poetry, men who have made the English drama famous for all time! And yet, what a standing was theirs! Paris Gardens raising its flag to tell that the bull-baitings were about to begin; and the Rose and the Hope theatres, hard by, raising theirs, to summon an audience to tremble at the fearful end of Faustus, to laugh with Falstaff, or to weep over the sorrows of the *Woman Killed with Kindness*, or the deeper sorrows of *Lear*. And then, when the bright days of summer came, these very writers, trudging beside the heavy-laden cart from town to town, looked upon as scarcely better than vagrants, and still sharing the popular favor with jugglers and bearwards. The bearward, with Sackerson and the well-muzzled mastiffs—the players, with Peele, Nashe, Heywood, Jonson, Shakespeare, in their train—alike entering the country town, and proclaiming, with beat of drum, the entertainment each was prepared to give—the bearward, with badge on his arm, as servant of some nobleman, the players only guarded from the stocks and tumbrel by the same protection; both humbly suing permission of the worshipful mayor, ere they were allowed to amuse her Highness' liege subjects; and both sharing the largesse equally bestowed "on ye bearewardes and ye players thys Whitsontyde."

Can we wonder that men thus placed should have been reckless and profligate? Can we wonder at the sad fate of Greene and Marlowe, or the "shirking life" of

Nashe and Peele? The wonder is, that among these poor outcasts any one should have retained his self-respect; that some few should have been decent, striving family men; that the greatest among them should, when but just passed his middle age, have retired to his native town honored as a worthy householder, as well as famed as our greatest dramatist; and that the chief actor of his day, Alleyn, the employer too, of so many of our foremost writers, should, in his honored old age, have numbered nobles and prelates among his guests at "God's Gift College," and taken the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Donne) for his second wife. There must have been a depth of moral feeling among all classes of society in the reign of Elizabeth, which has not been sufficiently recognized, to account for this; the salt must have penetrated deeply, when we find, too, that even the most profligate among these dramatists dared not to treat morality or religion with the scorn which was considered indispensable in the days of Charles the Second, and that whatever coarseness may be found in their writings, the more serious charge of calling evil good, and good evil, cannot be brought against them.

In society such as we have just described there must have been much attraction for the young man-at-arms whose earlier years had been passed at Westminster School. Wild excitement, license, unknown to the sober craftsman under whose roof his childhood had been fostered, Jonson had doubtless already found in camp and garrison; but here, with equal excitement, with equal freedom, were now the superadded pleasures of converse with educated and highly-gifted men. We can scarcely assign a later date than the beginning of 1592 for Jonson's introduction to the stage: and, at that time, both Greene and Marlowe were living. With them he may have revelled, perhaps quaffed with them draughts of the "rich canary" so celebrated by him in after days; and then, Peele, Nashe, Dekker, Heywood, Shakespeare, ere long became his associates. Jonson's first engagement, we are told, was at the "Green Curtain," near Shoreditch, an inferior theatre, but which has given its name to a locality which, through all the changes of more than two hundred and sixty years, it has retained; and the Curtain-road

still reminds the passer-by of the spot where "rare Ben Jonson" first trod the boards, and made his first essays in dramatic literature.

From various sources we learn that Jonson gained but little credit as an actor. His huge size, though not as yet spread out to the enormous bulk of his later years, the awkward bearing which his satirizers always ridicule, and a humor in his face—very probably resulting from insufficient diet during his sojourn in Flanders—for inveterate scurvy was one of the commonest diseases of the disbanded man-at-arms—all were against him as an actor, and all were sarcastically brought forward, years after, in the course of his bitter feud with Marston and Dekker. But even had Jonson been more favored in person, it is very unlikely that he would have been a good actor, for we have not a single instance on record of a superior dramatic writer being so. Most probably therefore, Jonson, like most of his contemporaries, began early to write for the stage, and although still an actor, looked to his pen as his chief means of subsistence. About this time, it would seem, he married; who his wife was, even her Christian or surname, cannot be ascertained; she was probably of low origin, and, from the epitaph on his eldest daughter, we find she was a Roman Catholic. The marriage seems to have been an ill-assorted one; and five years before her death, which was some time previous to 1618, he wholly separated from her. His remark to Drummond, that she was honest, but a shrew, seems to place her before us as a homely, ignorant woman, certainly all unfit to be a poet's bride.

The earliest dramatic efforts of Ben Jonson have, doubtless, like so many more of our fine early dramas, been wholly lost; for the first work that can be definitively traced to him is *Every Man in his Humor*, as it was played with the Italian characters some time in 1596: a play not only displaying so much talent, but such dramatic skill, that it cannot be accepted as the first fruits of his genius. As an earlier composition, although by no means as the earliest, we should be inclined to place the comedy, published in 1609, with his name, but without his direct sanction, of *The Case is Altered*. This play, which contains some admirable writing, very much resembles those of Greene, and Greene we know was a writer upon

whom many of the rising writers for the stage formed their style. As one of Jonson's earliest plays, it is deserving especial notice for the great sweetness with which the character of Rachel is delineated. Indeed, this is the *only* interesting female character to be found in the whole range of Jonson's plays. From the Green Curtain, Jonson seems to have transferred himself to the Rose, at Bankside, and to have become "a covenanted servant" to Philip Henslowe, the "serjeant of the Bear Garden, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, and joint shareholder in the Fortune," whose curious diary is so valuable an illustration of the literary history of that day. From entries here, we find that *Every Man in his Humor*, called in the old manager's book *The Comedy of Humors*, was performed by Henslowe's company early in 1596. It appears to have been very successful, but we cannot ascertain the sum "Benjemy" received for it. He was now, however, evidently one of Henslowe's regular play-writers, and, like most of his brethren, was continually receiving small sums in advance for work in hand. He was probably at this time very necessitous, for among other entries there is a loan of five shillings to him, while we never meet with his name among the purchasers of cloaks, "sylke stockens," cloth, or jewellery, all of which Henslowe was accustomed to supply in the regular tally-shop fashion, taking instalments of a shilling or sixpence a week, and doubtless stopping the salary if not duly paid. Indeed, from the sarcastic remark of Dekker, "how you borrowed Roscius' (Alleyn's) cloke to be mad in," it would seem that Jonson at this time was destitute even of the usual actor's apparel. Still, at this very time, his name, as we learn from contemporary writers, stood high, not only as a writer of comedies, but of *tragedies*; Meeres especially, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, ranking him with Marlowe, Peele, Shakspeare, and some others, as "the best in England for tragedy." In that year, Jonson offered his amended play of *Every Man in his Humor* to the Blackfriars Theatre, where Shakspeare then was; and the story which Gifford so angrily impugns of this play being on the point of rejection when Shakspeare interposed in its favor—a kindness which led to the subsequent friendship between these two

great dramatists—seems very probable, especially as we find that Shakspeare himself took the principal character.

But ere the end of this year, Jonson became involved in a quarrel with an actor which led to serious results—a fight in Finsbury-fields, where, having killed his opponent, he was committed to prison on the charge of murder. Many have been the conjectures of Jonson's biographers, both as to who his opponent was, and what the cause of their quarrel might be. The latter is still unknown, but a letter of Henslowe, addressed to his son-in-law Alleyn, then at the Brille, in Sussex, dated September 26th, 1598, supplies specific information as to the former. "Since you were with me," he writes,—we do not give his spelling, which really beats all the bad spelling we ever saw,—"I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabriel (Spenser), for he is slain in Hoxton-fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer; therefore, I would fain have little of your counsel, if I could." Mr. Collier to whom we are indebted for the publication of this letter, remarks on the singular fact of Henslowe calling Jonson—although, as well as Gabriel Spenser, one of his own company,—a writer too, actually in his pay, and who, not a month before, had received, as we learn from his diary, an advance of money for a play written by himself and two others—"a bricklayer," as though he really did not know who he was. But this could not be the case; more likely was it that the wary manager of the Rose, and now about to become joint proprietor of the Fortune within sight of which, in those pleasant Finsbury-fields, the deadly encounter had taken place, dreaded the discreditable report of a fatal duel fought by *two* of his company, and therefore ignored the actor and dramatist, and rested the charge on the "bricklayer." An entry of not a month later in his diary,—evidently before Jonson could have stood his trial,—curiously illustrates this supposition: "Lent unto Shaw and Jewby, to lend unto Mr. Chapman on his book, and two acts of a tragedy of Benjamin's plot, £3." Master Henslowe well knew the low estimation in which "hireling players" were held by the city authorities, and the severe punishment with which their brawls were visited; not un-

likely therefore,—for he had a character to maintain, he was churchwarden of St. Saviour's but a few years after,—he kept aloof from all reference to Jonson as one of his company, until the result of the trial should be known. This result was favorable; Johnson was acquitted, and there seems no reason to doubt that the case was, as he informed Drummond, "that Spenser acted dishonorably, by fighting with a sword ten inches longer than his own." It was during the interval between his committal and trial that Jonson "taking his religion upon trust," as he says, turned Roman Catholic. With the remembrance of his father, and his sufferings for a purer faith, the careless manner in which Jonson relates this change seems very heartless. Twelve years afterwards, he, however, returned to the Church of England, and characteristically enough, signalized his reconciliation by drinking off the full cup of sacramental wine. "Jonson did every thing lustily," says Mr. Bell; we may add, it is to be feared, he did every thing recklessly, and from the impulse of the moment, rather than from principle.

On his release from prison, Jonson returned to his former profession; and we now find his name again at full length in Henslowe's book. His play of *Every Man out of his Humor* was brought out at the Globe early in the next year; and in the August, we find him associated with Dekker in the composition of a play, now lost, called *Page of Plymouth*. Jonson's fortunes were now evidently rising; he seems to have gained some friends at Court, and we find that Queen Elizabeth on one occasion honored *Every Man out of his Humor* with her presence. There are notices of other works on which he was employed by Henslowe, and among them, one entitled *The Scots Tragedy*. This is lost, but that strange jumble of classical mythology and personal satire, *Cynthia's Revels*, still remains to us. It was acted at Blackfriars by the children of the Queen's chapel, and is chiefly deserving notice for the arrogant style in which the author speaks of himself, both in the prologue and epilogue. His muse, he remarks,—

"Shuns the print of any beaten path,  
Nor hunts she after popular applause,  
Or foamy praise that drops from common  
jaws ;

The garland that she wears *their* hands must  
twine

Who can both censure, understand, define,  
What merit it is."

Nothing like this do we ever find in Shakespeare; and in how different a spirit did Milton introduce his beautiful *Comus* to the world.

That his brother dramatists were annoyed at this assumption of superiority was very natural, and that they let him know it, was very natural too. Among these, Marston and Dekker seem to have been foremost, so in the following year, Jonson brought out his *Poetaster* with the express intention of holding them up to ridicule as Crispinus and Demetrius; and to show, also, that even

"Virgil, Horace, and the rest  
Of these great master spirits, did not want  
Detractors then, or practisers against them."

This wearisome dull play, in which a Roman citizen talks of andirons and cushions for the parlor window-seats, and his wife comes in with "whalebone boddice" and muff, was, however, soon after prohibited by authority, in consequence of sarcastic reflections in it upon the army and the law. With the former, Jonson soon reconciled himself; but the law was more inexorable, and it was only through the good offices of the "worthy master Richard Martin" that he was saved from its visitations. The dramatists whom he had made the especial objects of his satire next took their turn, and in the *Satiromastix* every thing discreditable to Jonson that could be collected was brought forward, with much bitterness, but certainly not without some humor. Gifford, who almost rages against the memory of Marston and Dekker because of this satire, might have remembered that it was Jonson who began the quarrel,—that it was cruel in them "to depress a young writer depending on his pen for subsistence," it was equally cruel in him to do the same to them; and that if they did strike the hardest blows, the combatant who began the strife had only himself to thank for it. There seems, we think, little doubt, judging both from this feud and subsequent ones, that Jonson was haughty and overbearing, while his campaign in the Low Countries had rendered him both impatient of contradiction, and ready to take up any real

or imaginary ground of quarrel. Indeed, his pugnacity is often referred to by himself, and he boasts of the beating he gave Marston, in addition to the figurative castigation he bestowed upon him.

Notwithstanding the open contempt he had avowed for a popular audience, Jonson still continued to write for the Rose and the Fortune, and was still glad to receive instalments from Henslowe for work in hand. In June this year (1602) we find "lent unto Benjamy Jonson, in earnest of a book called *Richard Crookback*, and for new additions for *Jeronymo*, the sum of £10." Shakespere's *Richard* had now been more than five years before the public; it is curious, therefore, to find Jonson taking up the subject so long after. The play is lost, but the additions to *Jeronymo* have been given by Mr. Collier, in his edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. During these years Jonson seems to have lived near the Fortune, for we find from the registers that an infant son was buried at St. Giles, Cripplegate, in 1599, and another in 1600, at Bishopsgate; of his infant daughter Mary, on whom he wrote that beautiful epigraph, no record has been found.

About this time Jonson seems to have formed acquaintance—probably through the introduction of Camden—with many learned men. Sir Henry Saville, Sir Robert Cotton, Selden, and perhaps Bacon, were among these. He also became a member of that celebrated club at the Mermaid, in Breadstreet, which now boasted a list of illustrious names never equalled in the annals of the thousand clubs which have sprung up, flourished, and died away since then. It is highly creditable to Jonson, that he owed this companionship with the first scholars of the age to his deep and various learning. Ever, from the time when, with trowel in his hand and book in his pocket, he worked at Lincoln's Inn, he seems to have been a hard student; and when we look back upon the wandering, precarious life he had led, we are astonished at the energy with which he continued to pursue those studies which, under the auspices of Camden, he had far more favorably begun at Westminster School. This superior learning doubtless pointed him out to the notice of the Court on the accession of James, and although the *Entertainment of the King, in passing to his Coronation*, was only partially assigned to Jonson, he

"doing" the Latin and the long speeches, while his rival, Dekker, took the larger part and most of the poetry, the graceful masque that welcomed the Queen and Prince Henry at Althorpe, and the May-day entertainment at Sir William Cornwallis', at Highgate, were both his composition. But about this time a deep sorrow overwhelmed him, in the loss of his eldest son, by the plague; and the grief-stricken father recorded his irreparable loss in those beautiful lines beginning—  
"Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;

My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;  
Seven years thou wert lent to me—I thee pay,

Exacted by thy fate on the just day."

He seems now to have removed to Blackfriars, and as we soon after find notices of his library—which subsequently became very large and valuable—he must have been relieved from the pressure of immediate want. He still, however, continued writing for the stage, and produced *Sejanus*, the first of his tragedies which has been preserved to us. This met with violent opposition, and it was withdrawn. The following year Jonson was involved in greater difficulties. In conjunction with Chapman and Marston,—with whom he was now reconciled,—he brought out that admirable comedy of old London manners, *Eastward Hoe*, which is especially deserving of notice as the source from whence Hogarth derived the outline of his powerful series, the "Idle and Industrious Apprentices." In this there was a passage which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch, and James, with an arbitrariness which must have startled the nation, sent Chapman and Marston forthwith to prison. Jonson, feeling himself equally responsible, though not included, nobly accompanied them. It was reported that the favorite punishments of the Stuart dynasty, ear-cutting, and nose-slitting, were to be the penalties, but Jonson had friends at court, and on due submission, and the expunging of the obnoxious passage, the luckless playwrights were set free. On his liberation Jonson gave a banquet, at which his aged mother was present, who, drinking to her son, showed him a paper of poison which she had prepared to mix in his wine, and to take herself, if the threatened sentence had been inflicted. Fortunately, as Mr. Bell re-

marks, "the fierce old lady was spared the tragedy she contemplated, but the anecdote is curious, as revealing the source from whence Jonson derived his hot blood and indomitable spirit." It is curious to find that, notwithstanding this narrow escape, Chapman and Jonson, not much above a year after, were again imprisoned for some personal reflections in a play. The nature of these is not known, nor even the name of the play, but Jonson's admirable letter to the Earl of Salisbury, inserted in Gifford's life, seems to hint that the license taken by the players with the text was the cause, for he urges,—"My noble lord, they deal not charitably who are witty in another man's works, and utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words." He therefore prays "to be examined by all my works, past and present, and not trust to rumor, but my books." His application was successful, and soon after we find him again in favor at court, and commissioned to prepare the *Masque of Blackness* for the Queen against twelfth-night, 1605. In this year he brought out *Volpone*, which met a more fortunate fate than Jonson's earlier plays, and the following Christmas he was again engaged at Whitehall, where he produced his *Masque of Hymen*, in honor of the ill-starred marriage of the boy-Earl of Essex, and the already profligate girl, the Lady Frances Howard. The poet was no prophet, but his masque excited great admiration, while his learned allusions and learned notes not improbably introduced him to the notice of the King. The preface to the first edition of this masque curiously illustrates Jonson's pride in recondite learning. "Howsoever," he says, "some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavor of learning, and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little (or, let me not wrong them), no brain at all, is superfluous; I am contented these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean, empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes, where, perhaps, a few Italian herbs picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world." The sarcasm of "a few Italian herbs," is evidently levelled at the former writers of the court masques, Drayton and Daniel, both excellent Italian schol-

ars; but Italian literature seems to have been viewed with a strange contempt by the pupil of Camden, and the friend of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden.

From this time Jonson appears to have been duly recognized as "the court poet," and to have passed his time chiefly at Whitehall, or in visiting the houses of the nobility. And a joyous life he there led; while his former associates, Shakespere excepted, were still striving hard, even for bread; Massinger earnestly imploring Alleyn for the loan of a few pounds, and Dekker sending grateful letters from the King's Bench Prison, acknowledging the kind manager's aid. We cannot see that there was any superior prudence, or aught of higher principle, in Jonson, thus to raise him above them, but he was singularly adapted for the station. It is true that the roughness of the man-at-arms who had trailed a pike in Flanders, and the love of license, the recklessness of the wandering player, were with him to the last, and woe to the silken gallant, even within the verge of the court, who dared the thrust of that rude and ready hand. Strange, too, must he have looked among the favorites of James with their gorgeous dress and almost feminine beauty—that huge, unwieldy man, scarred, coarse-featured, shaggy-eyebrowed, with loud voice and louder laugh, and almost Spartan scorn of rich clothing. But there were qualities in that rude, rough-looking man, that made him welcome to them all. He could discourse right learnedly upon witchcraft, with chapter and verse from Lucan, and Apuleius, down to "Cornelius Agrippa, Bodin, Remigius and Delrio," for the delectation of the "high and mighty King James;" he could ridicule puritanism in its every form, for the solace of the mitre-wearing and mitre-expectant church dignitaries; he could soothe with gracefullest compliments and sweetest verse the fair Court ladies; he could join in riotous carousals, and quaff off goblet after goblet of canary with the deepest drinkers of a Court disgracefully renowned for drunkenness and riot; and yet he could charm by his witching converse and learned discourse, Donne, Selden, Bacon, and gather around him the rising scholarship of a learned age, all anxious to be called his sons, and in their whimsical phrase, "to be sealed of the tribe of Benjamin." No wonder that, once

established at Court, he maintained his place there until sickness, and premature old age compelled him to retire.

It would be occupying our space with merely a long catalogue of titles were we to specify in order all Ben Jonson's subsequent productions; his plays, among which the *Alchemist* is conspicuous, his beautiful *Masques*, and his *Epigrams*—a kind of anthology, rather—and his *Forest*, that earlier collection of his poems, published with his other works in the folio of 1616. In the *Epigrams* and the *Forest* we meet with many tributes to his personal friends which are highly creditable to his friendship and his gratitude. To the earliest fosterer of his genius,—

"Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe

All that I am in arts, all that I know—"

he has addressed a noble outpouring of grateful veneration, worthy alike of the master and the scholar. To "Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each muse," his tribute is remarkably graceful. Beaumont receives an admiring homage which proves how far Jonson was above all mean jealousy; while a graceful copy of verses to Alleyn, who probably had often befriended him while a struggling writer for the Rose and the Fortune, celebrates his worth and his talents, and bids him,

"Wear this renown, 'tis just, that who did give  
So many poets life, by one should live."

The year that witnessed the publication of his earlier works was a sorrowful one to Jonson, for during 1616 he lost both Beaumont and Shakespeare,—Beaumont, so long his pleasant associate at the Mermaid, and who celebrated with him "the rich canary," and his "gentle Shakespeare," whose wit combats with him after those merry suppers Fuller has so graphically painted. Ben must have felt that the light and glory of that supper-table was indeed dimmed; and we cannot but think that these sad recollections to which ere long were added those of other cherished friends, induced him eventually to give up the meetings at the Mermaid, and establish his own club, the Apollo.

It is worth while, especially remembering the extravagantly paradoxical conjecture which has lately been offered with regard to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, to refer to Jonson's noble and heartfelt tribute,—

"To the memory of my beloved master, William Shakespeare, and what he has left us." In this, which is far too long to insert, not only is Shakespeare as a *dramatist*, placed above Lyly and Marlowe, but—

"all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

And then he continues,—

"Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners brightly  
shines,  
In his well turnèd and well fillèd lines."

Now Johnson was intimately acquainted with Shakespeare, and being a writer for the stage too, was as well acquainted with the authorship, or joint-authorship, of all the plays brought forth during the last twenty years, as any dramatist in London; and yet he never hints a doubt of the *complete* authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Jonson, too, knew Bacon, to whom these plays have been so extravagantly assigned; he had conversed with him, had sat at his table, and with his keen observation must have detected some hints of the well-kept secret. But no idea, save that Shakespeare really did write the plays contained in Hemming's and Condell's folio, seems ever to have occurred to his brother dramatist's mind, and he concluded his noble eulogy thus:—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping  
stage,  
Which, since thy flight from hence hath  
mourned like night,  
And, despairs day, but for thy volumes'  
light."

In the summer of 1618, Jonson undertook his well-known journey into Scotland, on foot,—a singular mode of travelling in those days, when every man was an equestrian. Perhaps it was to "gather humors" among the country folk,—perhaps among the gipsies too, for we find him *au fait* in the gipsy slang on his return, when he wrote the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*. However that might be, we find he arrived safely in Scotland, was feasted and honored; and after paying a final visit to Drummond of Hawthornden, returned to London. The curious record which Drummond kept of this visit has been most furiously attacked by Gifford, who, with rabid bitterness, denounces "the bird of prey, striking at the noble

quarry before him." Now, it is really difficult to perceive what crime against private friendship or public morals Drummond committed by merely noting down the conversations of a man not only standing very high in the world of letters, but the associate of nearly every celebrity of his day. The nonsense that Gifford sets down about "no qualifying word, no introductory or explanatory line," might have some meaning had the Scotch poet—like so many of our trans-atlantic cousins—taken notes with the specific purpose of publishing a goodly volume of "pencilings;" but Drummond obviously noted down Jonson's remarks solely for his own private use. These were kept in manuscript until his death, and even an abridgement of them never saw the light until nearly a century after. Now when we remember that Drummond was a poet, and a scholar, far removed from literary society, and destitute of those helps to information which the periodical literature of the present day, in some measure, though imperfectly, supplies, what could be more natural than that after each colloquy he should, instead of trusting to memory, have fixed those recollections in writing for his own private use." Many of Jonson's remarks, thus preserved, are certainly bitter and sarcastic; but we have ample proof in his dedications and epigrams that he could be bitter enough. All his remarks, however, are not so; he gives unqualified praise to many, and though he speaks slightly of Sidney's *Arcadia*, and remarks that neither Spenser's "stanza or subject pleased him," what was this but a mere difference of taste and feeling, natural enough in a poet whose reverence for the classics almost incapacitated him from forming a correct judgment of the more imaginative poets of modern times?

More than all beside, Drummond's general notes on Jonson's character excite Gifford's fury; but character-drawing was rather a favorite pursuit of the literary men of that day, and to be worth anything it must preserve the shadows as well as the lights. Now that Jonson "was a great lover and praiser of himself," that he was jealous and irritable, even that "drink is one of the elements in which he lives," are assertions all fully borne out by his own testimony. Drummond could not but see all these, but if he noted them down, it was not to taunt his

guest, or to expose him; he kept them,—like the notes of Jonson's criticisms,—but as private memoranda. That Jonson had always rejected "thin potations," and addicted himself to the rich and luscious Canary, which he tells us—

"Had Horace or Anacron tasted,  
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted,"

is one of the most well-known facts of his history. He has not confessed to an equal devotion to the pleasures of the table, but we think both his poems and plays bear very suspicious indications of a truly aldermanic love of good cheer. How lusciously he goes over the list of Christmas dainties in his *Masques*; and in his poem of *Penshurst*, how he celebrates the "purpled pheasant," and the "painted partridge," not as adding new charms to a scene of sylvan loveliness, but because they are "willing to be killed!" while the "fat, aged carps ran into the net," and the pike and "bright eels"

"leap on land,  
Before the fisher, or into his hand."

Indeed, we fear that "rare Ben Jonson," in spite of his nobler qualities, too greatly resembled in his lower tastes his own Sir Epicure Mammon.

Too soon did the life-enjoying poet find in his unwieldy bulk and decaying strength that the penalties of excess will be exacted from the most gifted, even as from the meanest. There is a pathos in the graceful lines referring to some love passage which ended in the lady's refusal, and sent after his return from Scotland to Drummond, which sadly tells the regrets of the poet, who had—

"Squandered his whole summer while 'twas May,"

and now, though numbering only forty-seven years, already felt the approach of old age. "I now think Love is rather deaf than "blind," he sadly says "that she,

"Who I so much adore should so slight me;  
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,  
And every close did meet  
In numbers of as subtle feet,

As hath the youngest he  
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree."

But then, "his conscious fears" tell him of his huge size, his "rocky face," and his "hundreds of grey hairs;" no wonder that—

"All these thro' her eyes have stopt her ears."

Jonson, however, in true Anacreontic mood, did not suffer himself long to brood over his disappointment. He was heartily welcomed on his return from Scotland by his court friends, and there were still the gallant suppers, still the rich canary; and there were fair court dames too, Celia, Chloe, Charis, to receive the gay homage of his exquisite verse. So he spent the summer attending the King in his progress, providing the masque for the Christmas entertainment, and joined in the joyous celebration at York House of the sixtieth birthday of that great man whom he addressed in these lines, which so soon after must have sounded like a bitter mockery,—

"England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,  
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

But Jonson, although a court poet, was no servile courtier; we find that he deeply lamented Bacon's downfall, and nobly did he pronounce his eulogy when all his court friends had abandoned him. "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his works, one of the greatest of men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages."

Meanwhile the King continued his favor toward him, and appointed him laureate; and in 1621, Jonson having produced the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, both James and the favorite were so pleased—not with the exquisite poetry, for that was far beyond their comprehension, but with the coarse compliments paid to each in gipsy dialect, that the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels was conferred upon him, and the King, in the exuberance of his royal largesse, further proposed to bestow the honor of knighthood. The poet "scaped this honor narrowly," says a court gossip, "but his Majesty would have done it, had there not been means made (himself not unwilling) to avoid it." Happily, this rejection of what James seems to have considered as one of his choicest favors, did not interrupt the friendly intercourse of the King with his laureate, who about this time was engaged in the very congenial task of establishing a new club at

the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, afterwards so well known by its title of "the Apollo."

Johnson now resided near Temple Bar, so the locality must have been extremely convenient, and hither he summoned his still remaining associates from the Mermaid—among them Herrick, that true son of the joyous poet—together with a company of rising young singers, Carew and Randolph, both early cut off, Suckling, the royalist poet, Waller, so well known in after years, and many young scholars—Kenelm Digby, with his wild fancies, Master Edward Hyde, afterwards better known as Lord Clarendon, and Lucius Cary, still better known as Lord Falkland. Hither were they summoned by their president in those playful verses, so overflowing with joyous merriment—

"Welcome all who lead or follow  
To the Oracle of Apollo—  
Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:  
All his answers are divine,  
Truth itself doth flow in wine."

And the unconscious poet, despite of indications of incipient dropsy,—he has told us in two lively poems that his weight at this time wanted only two pounds of twenty stone,—still continued one of the gayest at court, and once more offered sweetest homage to some fair court lady, whom he celebrates in most exquisite verse as Charis:—

"Let it not your wonder move,  
Less your laughter, that I love.  
Tho' I now write fifty years,  
I have had, and have my peers;  
Poets, tho' divine, are men,  
Some have loved as old agen."

Alas! evil days were at hand for the poet who sang with such joyous abandonment, for the gay reveller, who, like so many of his brother dramatists,

"Would not think of wintry age."

In March, 1625, James, his liberal patron, died, and ere the close of that year Jonson was stricken down by paralysis, and lay helpless as a child.\* If his brain was at

\* About the same time, but the exact date cannot be ascertained, Jonson seems to have met with that sad calamity, the loss of a great portion of his library by fire, together with many of his unfinished works. It seems likely that this was the cause of his removal to Westminster, to "the house under which you pass to go out of the churchyard into the old palace," as Aubrey says, and where he died. He appears to have survived all his children; but it is probable that he married a second time, for in the register of Cripplegate church there is an entry of the marriage of "Ben Johnson and Hester

the first affected, this, the severest of visitations, certainly was soon removed, for he wrote an anti-masque for the court the following year, and several of the pieces contained in the *Underwoods* seem to have been written soon after. But that his bodily infirmities continued, we have the testimony of his petition to Lord Weston, early in 1631, where in a strain of mournful pleasantry, more touching than clamorous lamentation, he says:—

"Disease, the enemy, and his engineers,  
Want, with the rest of his concealed compeers  
Have cast a trench about me now five years.

"My muse lies blocked up, straitened, narrowed  
in,  
Fixed to the bed, and boards, unlike to win  
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never  
been;"—

and he therefore prays the King's charitable aid, since it would be

"To relieve, no less renown,  
A bedrid wit, than a besieged town."

To this petition we find the King responding by a liberal gift; and also by raising the laureate's salary from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds. But Charles, although he was afterwards taunted with "studying Ben Jonson's plays more than the Bible," certainly never displayed the partiality toward him shown by his father. The rough *bon homie* of the laureate, which James could appreciate, though he could not his sweet poetry, and which he liked in all about him, must have been most distasteful to the cold and stately Charles; while the Queen, true to the mission for which, as we now learn from her lately-published letters, she had been so expressly prepared, was not likely to look favorably upon one who had given up the Romish faith for the Protestant, even if she had possessed knowledge enough of the language, or taste enough, to have duly estimated Jonson's merits. Thus, one source, apparently a very lucrative one, of emolument arising from composing the court masques, was withheld from the needy poet, and thus, the year before his application to Lord Weston, he had again sought relief by writing the *New Inn*, which was produced at Blackfriars in 1630. Although in his epilogue he pathetically acknowledges that "the maker is sick and sad," and that if aught is wrong,—

Hopkins," in 1623. The female attendant to whom Aubrey also alludes, was therefore most probably his unacknowledged wife.

"All that his faint and faltering tongue doth  
crave,  
Is that you not impute it to his brain;  
That's yet unhurt, altho' set round with pain,  
It cannot hold out long,"

yet, for some cause that we cannot decipher, it was driven from the stage, and the author abused in the most virulent terms. We think some political feeling must have been the cause of this; and that Jonson, who had already rendered himself most obnoxious to the opponents of the Stuarts, especially the Puritans, whom, in the *Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*, he had so bitterly held up to ridicule, might have been suspected as the writer of some high Government pamphlets, or perhaps to be a Jesuit in disguise—a suspicion almost to be pardoned when we read the disgraceful flattery bestowed by his servile muse upon the Queen, especially that almost blasphemous address to her of "Hail Mary full of grace," which had just appeared. These compliments, however, were perhaps not without their influence upon the vain Henrietta Maria, for we find the following Christmas that Jonson was commanded to prepare two masques; these were *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, and *Chloridia*, both far inferior to his earlier productions, but important in connection with his bitter quarrel with Inigo Jones.

On many former occasions Jones had been Jonson's coadjutor, and the prefaces of the earlier masques frequently compliment the architect on the taste and ingenuity with which he adapted the intricate machinery to the demands of the subject. Indeed, Jonson, so far as we can judge from the testimony of his pen, always did honor to the skill and ability of Inigo Jones. On this occasion we find that offence was taken in consequence of Jonson's name being placed first on the title-page of the printed copies. We might scarcely have believed that so proper an arrangement of the names could have awakened Jones's hostility, were it not expressly stated so in a letter of Mr. Pory. In what way Jones expressed his anger we know not, but the fierce old poet, who, in his youthful days had so fatally measured swords with his opponent, and had subsequently so fiercely attacked Marston and Dekker, now aroused himself for a combat à l'outrance with—

"Master Surveyor, you that first began  
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man  
You are: from them leaped forth an architect,

• Able to talk of Euclid, and correct  
Both him and Archimede,"

and with the bitterest scorn he goes on to denounce those "shows, shows, mighty shows,"—the "mythology painted on slit deal,"—"the new priming of the old sign-posts,"—everything that could irritate and annoy him professionally; while in the appended "epigram," in which he pretends to hear that Inigo is fearful of his satire, he concentrates his bitterness into these withering lines:—

"Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,  
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:—  
The Libyan lion hunts not butterflies;  
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.  
If thou be so desirous to be read,  
Look out some hungry painter, who for bread,  
With rotten chalk, or coal, upon the wall,  
Will well design thee to be viewed of all,  
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand."

Poor Jonson! if he had the best in the contest, he had the worst in the result; for we find from the before-quoted letter, which is dated 1632, that "Ben Jonson is discarded (for the masque) by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones, whom Ben has made the subject of a bitter satire or two."

Never again was the author of the most beautiful court masques ever written, called upon, one Aurelian Townsend superseded him, and Jonson was again compelled, by his necessities, to resort to the drama. The following year he produced the *Magnetic Lady*, and soon after the *Tale of a Tub*—the last, curious for the picture it gives of the environs of old London, with the almost impassable road to Kentish-town, the bridal procession across the lone fields to Pancras church, and Tottenham Court, a complete country manor-house, although within sight of Whitehall. A passing gleam of royal favor seems to have enlivened the aged poet just now, for we find that this play was performed at Court in January, 1634, the part ridiculing Inigo Jones in the puppet-show being of course suppressed. But the play was coldly received; indeed, the King and Queen could scarcely have been expected to feel much interest in the "humors" of mere clowns, who, although inhabitants of "Finsbury Hundred," are strangely represented as using a kind of Somersetshire dialect. With this ineffectual attempt to regain court favor, Jonson's public life closed. His in-

firmities and his necessities were now fast increasing, and, although it is gratifying to find that his "sons" gathered round him with reverential homage, still they were able to offer little more than the tribute of their love. The Earl of Newcastle, soon after so well known in the parliamentary war, had, however, long been his friend, and now in his utmost need most liberally relieved him. For this kind patron, Jonson's latest masque, *Love's Welcome at Welbeck*, was written, and the letter accompanying it sadly refers to "your lordship's timely gratuity,—I style it such, for it fell like the dew of heaven on my necessities."

Ben Jonson's work was now almost done, though he lingered two years longer. His unfinished *Sad Shepherd* is said to have been the latest effort of that muse which, for more than forty years, had sung so sweetly; but when we are told by Isaac Walton of the deep sorrow and contrition, even horror, he expressed to D. Duppa, "for profaning Scripture in his plays," we should be inclined to place those two fine hymns which stand first in his *Underwoods* as his last effort. Stricken now by a second attack of paralysis, unable to move, awaiting the slow, but certain approach of death, how solemn is this prayer,—

"O! holy, blessed, glorious Trinity  
Of persons, still one God in unity,  
The faithful man's believed mystery,  
Help, help to lift  
Myself to Thee; harrowed, and torn, and  
bruised  
By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused,  
As my heart lies in pieces all confused,  
O take my gift!"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!  
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire  
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire,  
O then how blest!  
Among thy saints elected to abide,  
And with thy angels placéd side by side,  
But in thy presence truly glorified,  
Shall I rest there?" \*

Who can doubt that this earnest cry "out of the depths" of a broken heart was heard? And thus Ben Jonson, no longer the reckless voluptuary, no longer the haughty, overbearing scholar, humbly awaited his release, which at length came on the 6th of August, 1637. He was in-

\* We can only insert the first and last verses of this fine hymn, *The Sinner's Sacrifice*, but to do it full justice it ought to be read as a whole.

tered in Westminster Abbey on the 9th, and subscriptions were collected for a fitting monument; but the parliamentary strife prevented its erection, and thus the four words, which Aubrey tells us "Jack Young," half in jest, half in earnest, directed the mason to cut upon the stone which covered his grave, have been his sole sepulchral memorial. The customary tributes in verse, which celebrated the memory of the departed poet in those days, were, however, duly paid, and a collection of elegies, under the title of *Jonsonus Virbius*, appeared shortly after his death. The second folio of his works, containing his later plays, and his *Underwoods*, was also published some time after his death; but it is very probable that many of his smaller pieces have been lost.

The popular fame of Ben Jonson rests almost exclusively on his dramatic works, and it is to these that his critics have devoted their chief attention. We are not surprised at this, for his poems, more than his plays, belong to our earlier school of poetry, and his masques even more to that imaginative age, which, ere the close of the reign of James, was rapidly passing away, to be succeeded by those days of strife and conflict, and those again by that long songless interval, during which all our finest poetry lay forgotten as though it had never been. But during all this time Jonson's plays held their place; chiefly, we think, owing to the *prestige* of his learning, for among the critics of those days who condescended to glance at almost despised Shakespere, his "small Latin and less Greek" was sure to be alluded to, and apologetically offered by the "finger-counting" wise heads as an excuse for his shocking violation of "the unities," which as Buckingham observes, "give plays so great a grace." Nor can we wonder that, side by side with the miserable rant of Southern, and the rapid platitudes of Rowe, the scholar triumphantly pointed to the "weighty bullion" of "learned Jonson's lines; still less shall we wonder that, side by side with the gross immorality of Congreve and Wycherley, Jonson, though the teacher of a very commonplace code of morals, should have been viewed as a great moral dramatist. Thus, during the long eclipse of our early dramatic writers, Jon-

son became the great object of interest to critics, who placed him on the same high eminence with Shakspeare—indeed, we believe, would willingly have placed Jonson actually above him.

By the critic of the present day, Jonson must be tried by a more enlarged standard. His fellow dramatists are now resuscitated, and Jonson must no longer be compared with Rowe and Southern, with Congreve and Wycherley,—not even with Dryden, but with Greene and Marlowe, with Heywood, Chapman, Dekker, Webster,—those fine, though unequal writers, inferior to none, save Shakespere. Now, when we turn over Jonson's plays, the first peculiarity that strikes us is the extreme scantiness of the story. What long prose tales will most of Shakespere's plays make; so will Greene's and Peele's. Marston, and Dekker, and Middleton, too, crowd incidents enough into theirs to have furnished Jonson with three or four. Now, take the plot of perhaps the most popular, and certainly the best known, of Ben Jonson's plays, *Every Man in his Humor*. The careful father receives a letter intended for his son, and fearing, from its contents, that he has fallen into bad company, determines to watch him. In the course of his journey from his country-house at Hoxton to the Old Jewry, he meets with several persons whose "humors" are very amusingly painted,—Bobadil, with his blustering cowardice, and the pair of fools, Master Stephen and Master Mathew, and Kately, jealous without a cause, and then reconciled to his wife without a reason, and the rest; all admirably drawn indeed, but none helping to tell any story; and at length, after a game of cross purposes at the water carrier's house, all finishing with a good supper at merry Justice Clements'. Now, in this case the poverty of the plot may be passed over for the sake of the admirable variety of characters and the no less admirable dialogue; but when in the companion play, *Every Man out of his Humor*, we find quite as little incident, while the characters are no longer such "solid flesh and blood" as Kately, Bobadil, Cob, and Master Stephen, but faintest abstractions,— "Puntarolvo a vain-glorious knight;" "Fastidious Brisk, a neat, spruce, affecting courtier;" "Sogliardo, an essential clown, enamored of the name of gentleman,—we

wonder that even a courtly audience could ever have patiently sat it out.

Jonson, however, seems to have considered it as a matter of boast that, unlike his brother playwrights, he "did not go begging for his plots." With his apparently scanty powers of invention, we may wish that he had. Certainly in this respect he offers a marked contrast, not only to Heywood, Marston, Dekker, writers for whom he openly professed his contempt, but to Shakespere, and those dramatists too, who perhaps approach nearest his own style—Beaumont and Fletcher. Now, closely connected with this deficiency of incident, is the feeble interest his plays excite. His characters do little more than pass with a fitting speech or two before us, for we have not time to get acquainted with them, and there is nothing in the circumstances of their introduction to awaken our sympathy. How, indeed, can our feelings be aroused save by a connected story? But, of all the dramatists of that day, Jonson the least appeals to our feelings; and in this respect he appears rather as the precursor of the Davenants and Killigrews of the Restoration, than as belonging to the great writers of his own age. How overflowing are these in deep and gentle pathos, how heart-felt their exhibition of the domestic affections too; how fine those bursts of feeling in Chapman that sometimes startle us in the midst of a dull scene; those depths sounded by Webster in his *Duchess of Malfy*; those touches, careless often, but so true to nature, which meet us in Dekker's homely plays; above all, the pathos of those unsurpassed last scenes of Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*! Now there is nought of all this in Jonson,—anxious father, loving mother, children dutiful and kind, brotherly affection, married faith and constancy,—not one exemplification of even one of these do we find in the whole catalogue of his plays.

This brings to our notice another singular peculiarity of Jonson's plays,—the very subordinate part women take in them, and their utterly uninteresting characters. It is mere ignorance to talk, as some of his critics have, of the absence of women from the stage being the reason; for Shakespere, as well as every other dramatic writer, labored under the same disadvantage, and yet the

earlier drama presents types of noble womanhood—together, we allow, with many of a very different class—which the drama of the Restoration never could show. But while female characters are abundant in the plays of his contemporaries, Jonson only introduces one or two, to carry on the conversation, or to supply the necessary number of wives, whose portions, not whose merits, are to reward the bold adventurers. Indeed, in the whole range of his plays, Rachel, as we have remarked, is the only female that awakens the least interest; the rest are homely housewives and silly girls but just set free from the nursery, or ridiculous fine ladies and cunning hypocrites—a kind of coarser Becky Sharps—or bold, shameless women, for whom we feel that the carting and the stripes, and the harsh discipline of Bridewell in the sixteenth century, were the only punishments available for vice so utterly ingrained. How passing strange that such should be the representations of womanhood by the poet who has bequeathed us some of the most graceful love-songs in our language!—the laureate who feasted the court beauties with such exquisite verse, with homage so choice and refined!

But Jonson was evidently unable to paint the gentler virtues; and he seems to have been equally unable to paint high and heroic virtue. Perhaps a deficiency of deep feeling was the cause of both; but in this respect also he stands almost alone among his contemporaries. Not only do we find nothing approaching to a hero among his characters, but heroic self-denial, patient self-negation, virtues which often invest the homely characters of Heywood especially, but also of Dekker and Chapman, with a kindly interest, never illumine the dark scenes of trickery and coarse vice which he almost exclusively presents. It may, however, be said, why seek for these? Jonson was not a painter of the high and heroic, of the pure and the good, he was the dramatic satirist of the evils of his age, the stern exhibitor of knavery, vice, and folly. Be it so; but then never let the names of Shakespere and Jonson be conjoined again, the one making all human nature his own, the other only a portion, and that too often the vicious and the degraded. Be it so, that Jonson's characters are thus repulsive, still, even from among such, his fellow dramatists

could raise up a human interest. Ford's *Witch*, repulsive as she is, still excites our compassion by her desolate wretchedness; While Massinger's *Sir Giles Overreach*, in the wild abandonment of his horror when he sees the obliterated parchments, rises into tragic grandeur, and we forget the cruel usurer in the crushed wretch before us. Now, in *Volpone* and the *Alchemist*, and Jonson's other plays, none of the ruined knaves and dupes awaken even the faintest pity.

Of Jonson's two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, we need scarcely remark that they are too coldly classical to be tragedies in any thing beside the name. Whole pages of stately declamation adapted from the Latin classics, and interminable speeches—especially in the latter, where Cicero actually goes on for eight octavo pages, with only two short interruptions—might meet the approval of Jonson's learned friends, but we cannot be surprised that the crowds who flocked to the Globe and the Fortune turned coldly from such tragedies, although they welcomed the *Julius Caesar* of Shakespeare. Would that a copy of Jonson's *Richard Crookback*—for which, and the "addycions" to *Jeronymo*, Henslowe paid him the ten pounds—could be discovered; for then we might see whether he always wore his "learned sock," or whether, in earlier days, he was content to write naturally, and, therefore, with feeling. We are half inclined to think this was the case, for, singularly enough, his "addycions to *Jeronymo*"—called subsequently the *Spanish Tragedy*—display far more pathos, and even power, than any thing to be met with in any of his plays. The finest scene which is a long one, is where the bereft father gives his wild directions to the painter to paint the whole progress of the story to his cutting down the dead body of his son, and then "you may show a passion;"—

"Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,  
Make me well again. In the end leave me  
In a trance, and so forth."

And when the painter asks, "And is this the end?" the heart-broken reply,—

"O, no, there is no end, the end is madness—  
And I am never better than when I am mad;  
Then, methinks, I am a brave fellow, aye,  
Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me,"

reminds us of *Lear* in its wild incoherence.

But Jonson, whether from natural disinclination, or whether from a determination to strike out in a different path from that of his associates whom he so loftily despised, soon chose out another walk, and became, as Gifford truly says, "the painter of humors, not of passions." From thenceforth his failure as a popular dramatist was inevitable; for men engaged in everyday life demanded scenes drawn from actual, if not from everyday life, and characters that felt and spoke—kings and great men though they be—as they themselves had felt and spoken in the depths of their grief, or the overflowings of their joy. The plays of the greatest poet the world ever saw were intelligible enough to them; but these careful studies of mere peculiarities of character, however accurately delineated, what were they but pieces of curious mechanism, not so interesting as a puppet-show. But with a very different feeling did Jonson's friends view these studies. The study of "humors" was to them a classical pastime, while the very distaste for these plays evinced by the *profanum vulgus* was sufficient to ensure for them a favorable reception by scholars.

We think it very likely that Jonson soon discovered that his taste lay in a different direction to dramatic writing. Surely the poet who, in the midst of the dull inanities of *Cynthia's Revels*, burst forth into those two exquisite lyrics, Echo's song, with its delicious dying cadence, and that stately invocation,—

"Queen, and huntress, chaste as fair," must have felt that his true calling was song. And we think it was the strong impulse of his genius, no less than his feuds with Marston and Dekker, that led him to desire so anxiously to "leave the loathed stage." Still, he did not leave it till he left off all other writing; and curious is it to find the arrogant poet abusing the actors, abusing the public taste, openly expressing his disgust at his task, and yet producing his finest plays. Many of these—much as we may wish that Jonson had chosen more interesting characters—are undoubtedly very fine. There is much skill in their construction, and much fine writing. Very skilfully, too, are the characters contrasted and balanced; indeed, among our second class of dramatic writers we should place Jonson

very high. What variety of character do his pictures of the lower classes exhibit, what vivid painting and grouping of the rude and too often disreputable men among whom Jonson often mingled, joining in their boisterous merriment and pledging them from the ale-can as heartily as he pledged his courtly friends from the silver wine-cup or the tall Venice glass! How are these painted with the spirit and minuteness of Hogarth!—only he, endowed with finer feeling, would have given some touch of nature, some redeeming trait, even amidst a scene of low profligacy. And then, what enamel-like pictures we have of vain, and silly court ladies, and dainty court gentlemen—the Brummels of their day—in all their bravery of carnation doublet and embroidered cloak, Italian cut-work band, and ruffled boots; “tasting” their tobacco during each pause of their infinitesimal small-talk; and then those minute varieties of fools and “gulls,” too, with which James the First’s age especially abounded!

Ere passing from Jonson’s plays, we may remark on the credit bestowed upon him by every critic down to Gifford, of being emphatically a *moral* writer. Now although, as compared with the dramatists of the Restoration, Jonson unquestionably stands high, if compared with his contemporaries, we cannot see that he stands a whit higher than they. In that moral teaching which based its principles upon Holy Writ, he certainly occupies a lower place; for, while allusions to Christian doctrine and to Christian duties are frequent with these old dramatists, and passages of solemn beauty, involving direct reference to the great truths of the Gospel, will often be found, such passages in Jonson are only used to deepen the hypocrisy of Ananias and Tribulation, or to add more zest to the raving of Zeal-of-the-land Busy. Perhaps it was Jonson’s violent detestation of Puritanism, after all, that won for him the praise of high morality from Gifford, who viewed every secedar from episcopacy as a wanderer on the downward road; but in his old age, and when drawing near his end, thus did not the repentant poet view them; he felt that to barb a sarcasm, or to provoke a sneer, he had trifled with solemn realities. For the rest, who shall say that any one of Jonson’s teaches a moral lesson? Where are the virtuous characters for our imitation,

where the just and fitting punishments that should follow the evildoer? In the long run the knaves seem to have the best fortune; the bold, cunning schemer generally gains the money, and the most swaggering bully the lady. There is certainly an occasional speechifying about morality, brought in “chorus-wise,” or through the usual medium of a prosy old gentleman; but the generality of the characters get on exceedingly well with a very commonplace and scanty share. We fully agree with Mr. Bell, that, “if nothing remained of Jonson but his plays, we should arrive at very imperfect and erroneous conclusions respecting him.”

Let us turn to Jonson’s masques, and how marvellous is the change! Here, no longer trammelled by “humors,” no longer seeking characters among crafty projectors and their gulls,—the deceivers and the deceived,—all the wide realm of fancy was opened before him. Classic fable, ancient tradition, fairy folklore, all were at the command of the deeply-read poet, and how gracefully has he made use of them all! We can well imagine Jonson’s pleasure when, instead of an order for a play from Henslowe or Alleyn, he received the commission from Sir Robert Spencer to prepare the entertainment at Althorpe—to take for his stage that beautiful park, for his performers the fair and noble youth of the county, and the Satyr and Queen Mab and her fairy train for his characters. Jonson has often hinted at the labor his plays cost him; there was little labor here, we think, or, if any, a veritable “labor of love.”

“*The Satyr*, peeping out of the wood—

“Look, see! beshrew this tree!  
What may all this wonder be?  
Pipe it who that list for me,  
I’ll fly out abroad and see.”

“Here he leaped down, and gazed the queen and the prince in the face.—

“That is Cyprissus’ face!  
And the dame hath Syrinx’ grace!  
O! that Pan were now in place—  
Sure they are of heavenly race!”

“Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst to the sound of excellent soft music there came tripping a bevy of faeries attending on *Mab*, their queen, who speaks thus!—

*Mab*.

“Hail and welcome, worthiest queen!  
Joy had never perfect been,  
To the nymphs that haunt this green,  
Had they not this evening seen.

Now they print it on the ground  
With their feet in figures round;  
Marks that ever will be found  
To remember this glad stound."  
(season.)

Satyr, peeping from the bush—

"Trust her not, fair bonibell,  
She will forty leasings tell;  
I do know her pranks right well."

Mab. "Satyr we must have a spell,  
For your tongue, it runs too fleet."

Satyr. "Not so nimble as your feet,  
When about the cream-bowls  
sweet,  
You, and all your elves do meet.  
This is Mab, the mistress faery,  
That doth nightly rob the dairy,  
And can help or hurt the churn-  
ing,

Asshe please, without discerning."

1st Faery. "Pug, you will anon take warning."

Satyr. "She that pinches country wenches,  
If they make not clean their  
benches  
And with sharper nails remembers  
When they rake not up their  
embers.

But if so they chance to feast her,  
In their shoe she drops a tester."

2nd Faery. "Shall strip the skipping jester."

Satyr. "This is she that empties cradles,  
Takes out children, puts in lads."

And on, through the enumeration of all  
Mab's frolicsome pranks, the merry Satyr  
proceeds, until the faery train, losing all  
patience, "pinch him black, and pinch him  
blue," and he is fain to take shelter in his  
wood again. But while so thoroughly at  
home among our English faeries, "rare  
Ben" could wear his "learned sock" most  
gracefully. Witness his exquisite adapta-  
tion from Moschus, in the *Hue and Cry after  
Cupid*:

1st Grace. "Beauties have you seen this toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind,  
Cruel now, and then as kind?  
If he be amongst you, say—  
He is Venus' runaway."

2nd Grace. "She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss  
How, or where herself may wish,  
But, who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss, and another."

3rd Grace. "He hath marks about him plenty,  
You shall know him among  
twenty,—  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That being shot like lightning in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the  
skin."

1st Grace. "At his sight the sun hath turned,  
Neptune in the waters burn'd,  
Hades felt a greater heat;  
Jove's himself forsook his seat:  
From the centre to the sky,  
Are his trophies reared high."

2nd Grace. "Trust him not, his words tho'  
sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet,  
All his practice is deceit,  
Every gift is but a bait;  
Not a kiss but poison bears,  
And most treason in his tears."

And thus, in the most exquisite verse, is  
the *Hue and Cry* after the mischievous little  
runaway continued, until "Cupid, attended  
by the sports and pretty lightnesses," comes  
forth, and in equally graceful numbers sum-  
mons them to the dance. We have remarked  
upon the great beauty of Jonson's songs;  
the short lyrics interspersed throughout these  
masques fully vindicate for him the high  
station we have claimed. Here is a short  
"snatch of song," but very graceful, from  
the *Vision of Delight*, sung after "the ladies  
had concluded a most elegant and curious  
dance:"—

"In curious knots and mazes so,  
The Spring at first was taught to go;  
And Zephyr, when he came to view  
His Flora, had these motions too;  
And thence did Venus learn to lead  
Th' Idalian dance, and so to tread,  
As if the wind, not she, did walk,  
Nor pressed a flower, nor bowed a stalk."

Left to the promptings of his own genius,  
Jonson, in his Masques, seems always to  
have chosen poetical subjects, and treated  
them gracefully. We doubt whether the  
anti-masques were his free choice; in one  
of them, however, it is interesting to see  
how nearly he approaches to Shakespere him-  
self: this is the introduction to his *Masque  
of Queens*, with its almost appalling chorus  
of witches, and their horrible incantations.  
This is worth reading, revolting as it is, not  
only for the mass of information respecting  
witchcraft which it contains, but for the  
strange fact that, in an age when witchcraft  
was not only an article of popular belief,  
but of the very judges of the land, and  
under the reign of a King who had publicly  
declared himself as "Jacobus bellipotens"  
against "those detestable slaves of the  
Devil,"—Whitehall should actually present  
a company of witches summoning their  
mistress Hecate, and their familiar spirits,  
with the selfsame charms, and well nigh the

selfsame rhymes, for using which many an old crone was even then awaiting the gallows tree! No wonder James and his court were profane; or that they spoke with blasphemous lightness of holy things, if even infernal terrors—so much better fitted to tell upon their lower natures—failed to move them. As to Jonson, for a poet, and more especially for a poet of that age, he was strangely free from all belief in the supernatural—sure proof to us that his imagination, however fanciful and graceful, was not of the highest order. So he, not much unlike the conjuror of modern days who laughs at the terrors he creates, assures us that, by the twelve “hags or witches,” he intended “ignorance, suspicion, credulity, &c., the opposites of good fame!” The copious notes to this “introduction” are very curious, exhibiting alike the learning and the utter scepticism of the poet. We doubt whether Marlowe ever thought of giving chapter and verse for the incantations in *Faustus*; or whether Shakespeare considered learned authorities needful to establish the claim of his “weird sisters;” but Jonson, with a diligence that must have rejoiced the pedant King, collects together a long catalogue of writers on witchcraft, while “their dame” cannot appear, or the hags even mount their broomsticks, save by the authority of Apuleius, Remigius, Bartholinus de Spina, and a score besides.

The merry interlude of “old Gregory Christmas” and his twelve sons and daughters, was, we think, a pleasant *jeu d’esprit*, thrown off, perhaps, after some jovial entertainment, and is very humorous in its allusions to old London and its Christmas-tide observances. Those portions of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* which give the “humors,” and the slang too, of the gipsies—although the masque appears to have been commanded by the favorite Buckingham, who took the part of the chief gipsy himself—seem to have been written *con amore* by the rough old poet, who evidently had a partiality, not singular at this time, to those joyous reckless vagabonds and their wild and thievish life. And admirable is the humor of those scenes where the rustics are tricked and robbed, reminding us of the sheepshearing feast and the inimitable Autolycus; and then, combined with low humor and even coarsest ribaldry, what fine gleams of poetry break forth!—that most joyous of

songs, “To the old long life and treasure,”—that wild rhyme, “The faery beam upon you,” but above all the graceful tributes to each fair court lady. Here is the gipsy’s address to the still beautiful Lady Hatton:

“Mistress of a fairer table,  
Hath no history nor fable:  
Other’s fortunes may be shown,  
You are builder of your own.  
And whatever heaven hath gi’en you,  
You preserve the state still in you.  
That which time would have depart,  
Youth, without the aid of art,  
You do keep still, and the glory  
Of your sex is but your story.”

This, is to the beautiful daughter of that beautiful mother, that unhappily married Lady Purbeck:

“Help me wonder! here’s a book,  
Where I would for ever look:  
Never yet did gipsy trace  
Smoother lines in hands or face;  
Venus here doth Saturn move,  
That you should be queen of love;  
And the other stars consent;  
Only Cupid’s not content,  
For, though you the theft disguise,  
You have robbed him of his eyes;  
And to show his envy further,  
Here he chargeth you with murder;  
Says, altho’ that at your sight  
He must all his torches light,  
Tho’ your either cheek discloses,  
Mingled baths of milk and roses,  
Tho’ your lips be banks of blisses,  
Where he plants, and gathers kisses,  
And yourself, the reason why,  
Wisest men for love may die,  
You will turn all hearts to tinder,  
And will make the world one cinder.”

We might have quoted other, and finer passages from these beautiful Masques, but we have been compelled to select those which could best be detached from the context.

We have but little space left for any remarks on Jonson’s poems. We have, however, frequently recurred to them, in tracing his life, and have there pointed to the gracefulness of his love-songs, and the condensed force of his epigrams and poetical addresses. One of the chief peculiarities observable in these poems seems to us their great variety of style, ranging from the delightful sweetness of our early poetry down to the polished verse, and neat, though often affected, sentiment of the last century. In his fine “Celebration of Charis,” his exquisite numbers flow just like Marlowe’s and Shakespeare’s; while the very next poem, “The Musical Strife,” belongs to the

school of Donne. Thus, too, while most of his pieces in heroic verse, in their varied cadence, and rough, sometimes almost jolting measure, belong to his own age, there are passages—many of these will be found in his masques—which fall scarcely below the polished numbers of Pope in elaborate sweetness. And later poets, too, he often strikingly resembles. These lines, from his “Farewell to the World for a Gentlewoman virtuous and noble,” might not Cowper have written them?—

“No, I do know that I was born  
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief;  
But I will bear them with that scorn,  
As shall not need thy false relief;  
Nor for my peace will I go far,  
As wanderers do that still must roam,  
But make my strengths such as they are,  
Here in my bosom and at home.”

These, again, from “An Elegy,” have the style, as well as the rhythm of Tennyson :

“But who could less expect from you,  
In whom alone Love lives agen?  
By whom he is restored to men,  
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

“His falling temples you have reared,  
The withered garlands ta'en away;  
His altars kept from the decay  
That envy wished, and nature feared;

“And on them burns so pure a flame,  
With so much loyalty's expense,  
That Love, t' acquit such excellence,  
Is gone himself into your name,  
And you are he.”

It would indeed be difficult, we think, to find any poet—certainly not of that age—whose style exhibits so many varieties as Ben Jonson's. On the whole, especially in

regard to his poems, he must be viewed not only as belonging to our first school of poetry, but, in his less beautiful compositions, as the precursor of the second. Jonson is, indeed, the link between them both. He outlived all his early contemporaries, and ere he ceased to write, the graceful, but diluted elegancies of Carew and Lovelace were fast superseding the rich and noble poetry of Jonson's earlier day. We look too late, when we refer the great change that passed over our poetic literature to the days of the Restoration. The blight had already begun in the reign of Charles the First, and its earliest effects, we think, may be seen in the neglect with which the aged court poet, he who had offered such devoted homage both to father and son—too precious incense for such unworthy shrines—was treated in his desolate old age.

Still, notwithstanding courtly neglect, he was not forgotten; while Shakespere was neglected, and all his great fellow-dramatists cast aside, as though they had never been, “rare Ben Jonson” continued to be a name of note. But he owed it not to his poetic merits, but to those true cavalier qualities, his equal devotion to the King and the wine-cup; and when in more modern times his name was still quoted, he owed it to his learned notes, not to the fine poetry which they illustrated. All this has passed, still “rare Ben Jonson” will hold a high station among us; and though he must take lower place as a dramatic writer, his *Forest*, his *Underwoods*, and his *Masques*, will vindicate for him a foremost place among our poets.

#### EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE IN CAVERS CHURCH-YARD, ROXBURGHSHIRE.—

“Here lies the body of James Leydon,  
In this Churchyard beneath this stone,  
And Margaret Scott, his spouse alone,  
Lyeth also here beneath this stone.  
And their posterity that's gone,  
Lies also here beneath this stone:  
William, Adam Leydon, and John,  
Ly also here beneath this stone.  
In Earlside\* they lived some years ago,  
Now here they ly beneath this stone.

\* In the more mountainous part of the same parish.

But this I will keep on record,  
They were all such as fear'd the Lord,  
For the deceased James Leydon  
On his death-bed this he made known,  
That here no more he must remain,  
But to the dust return again.  
And that his soul, at God's decree,  
For ever should a dweller be  
In that most holy place above,  
Where nothing is but peace and love.  
He was but fifty years of age  
When he removed from this stage;  
The year sixteen hundred and eighty-eight,  
The twelfth of March was his last night.”

—Notes and Queries.

From The National Era.

## THE SYCAMORES.

In the outskirts of the village,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores!

One long century hath been numbered,  
And another halfway told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew,  
Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Talent!  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brim full of laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart forever light—

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rollick air of Cluny,  
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,  
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labor's side,  
With the lusty airs of England,  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,  
And the merry fair's carouse;  
*Roisen-duh* and Erin's Red Fox,  
And the Woman of Three Cows.

By the blazing hearths of Winter,  
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,  
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends,  
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who in Tara  
Played all night to ghosts of kings;  
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies  
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the bob-o-link,  
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!  
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,  
Singing through the ancient town,  
Only this, of poor Hugh Talent,  
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;  
But, if yet his spirit walks,  
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,  
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks!

Green memorials of the gleeman!  
Linking still the river shores,  
With their shadows, cast by sunset,  
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores?

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding came,  
And the roofs were starred with banners,  
And the steeples rang acclaim—

When each war-scarred Continental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,  
And shot off his old King's arm—

Slowly passed that august Presence  
Down the thronged and shouting street;  
Village girls, as white as angels,  
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow  
Deepest fell his rein he drew;  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down,  
On the hills of Gold and Silver,  
Rimming round the little town—

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales,  
Winding down from wooded headlands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping  
Slowly with his ungloved hand,  
"I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavaloade;  
And that head, so bare and stately,  
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,  
Life hath had its ebb and flow;  
Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
To its garner, green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Through the changes, changeless stand;  
As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silvers o'er each stately shaft;

Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded;  
Love and Youth together stray;  
While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hill-side wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters taught—

Singing, with his gray hair floating  
Round his rosy, ample face,  
Now a thousand younger craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy,  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

J. G. W.

From "Porter's Spirit of the Times."

# A BALLAD OF THE GULF STREAM.

BY B. B. FOSTER.

HEAVILY through a hundred storms  
The toiling ship had passed;  
She floated now in the mystic stream  
Of waters warm and fast,  
And the great brown sails, like weary things,  
Were hanging against the mast.

There leaned upon the idle helm  
A bearded sailor-man;  
His furrowed brow was marked by years,  
His cheeks were brown with tan,  
And his heart was rude as the seas it loved,  
Where no mean currents ran.

A tender breeze sprang up behind  
And tossed his grizzled hair,  
And the sailor started back, as pale  
As if a ghost were there;  
For he saw a yellow butterfly  
Blown through the summer air.

It lighted upon the compass-box,  
And the sailor's eye grew dim,  
And his winged thoughts flew far away,  
Beyond the horizon's rim,  
To a ruined homestead on the land,  
Where were none to think of him.

Again in the meadow broad and green,  
On a holiday in June,  
He heard the drowsy humble bees  
Singing their quiet tune;  
And he watched the elm tree's shadow grow,  
In the wasting afternoon.

Again beneath the cottage roof,  
When the evening prayer was said,  
He felt his mother's soft hand rest  
In blessing on his head,  
And his father's kiss upon his brow,  
As he knelt beside his bed.

But the boatswain's whistle, strange and shrill,  
Was sounding in his ears,  
And his thoughts came back from their pilgrim-  
age

Of more than two-score years;  
And with his rough and horny hand,  
He dashed away his tears.

As the brimming can was passed around  
By the swinging lantern's light,  
And his shipmates roared their merry staves  
In boisterous delight,  
He loudest laughed and deepest quaffed,  
In the forecandle that night.

Washington, D.C.

## WEARINESS.

TO-DAY we are tired of pleasure;  
We have sung and we have danced,  
But have so mis-spent our leisure,  
That joy again is disentranced.  
Though bird and though breeze be in  
tune,  
And the leaves be most merry in June.

To-day we are tired of labor;  
We have worked with sordid aim,  
And be it with spade or sabre,  
Alike we've lost the right to fame.  
The bough and the brook both repine,  
If the sun should neglect but to shine.

To-day we are tired of loving;  
Hearts have grown too old to feel,  
All things sternly disapproving,  
Changed by the world to stone or steel.  
The May we have pass'd was not May;  
Nature sad, may the soul yet be gay?

To-day we are tired of living;  
Brain-worn and heart-worn am I;  
If forgiven as I am forgiving,  
Then peace were mine, and I would die.  
Brook, bough, breeze and bird, now  
adieu!  
Winter's snows weave a shroud, too, for  
you.

O, then, we shall tire no longer,  
Where the soul shall truly be;  
Then the weak shall be as the stronger,  
All helping in one harmony.  
Now bird and now breeze are in tune,  
And the leaves are most merry in June.

—Household Words.

From Chambers' Journal.

## A LEAP IN THE DARK.

ONE of the gentlemen who visited Mount Sinai in company with Bishop Clayton, happened, on his return to England, to pass through Sicily. Though by no means a person of romantic character, he had a fancy for wandering about mountains, for getting belated in forests, and supping by the light of wood-fires under a rock. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that he should wish to visit Mount Etna, look at the great chestnut-trees, and examine that marvellous belt of vegetation, so admirably described by the commandant Dolilnian, which encircles the cone of the volcano, and marks the point at which in general the streams of lava are arrested in their downward progress.

Our traveller's unromantic name was Fennel, and he had along with him two friends, considerably younger than himself, the one a clergyman, the other a barrister. Two servants, not much accustomed to sojourn in strange countries, rough Yorkshiremen, speaking their native dialect in perfection, and despising every thing not English, waited upon the triad of travellers; and when they left Catania, two guides were hired to conduct the party through the labyrinth of woods, gorges, glens, ravines, and precipices which intercepts the ascent to the crater, and renders it at all times an enterprise of considerable danger.

For nearly a week before they set out, the mountain had exhibited some symptoms of internal uneasiness. Earthquakes passed like gentle tremors beneath the city—not rocking or heaving up the earth—not cracking the walls, or dismantling the houses—but just giving a tremulous motion to the pavement under your feet, and at night causing the pillow under your head to seem for an instant about to float away. To the Catanians, this was nothing: they had been used to it from the cradle. Their houses all stood upon lava, were built with lava; the detritus of lava formed the very soil in their gardens, and the fruits they ate had a rich lava relish. In some sense, they were half lava themselves—cold without, fiery within, feeling much reflecting little, always on the brink of an impassioned eruption, but kept from running over, except at widely distant peri-

ods, by the paucity of materials in their constitution.

Mr. Fennel, as a true Englishman, loved to see sights, and therefore longed for an eruption; but the Catanians assured him he would have to wait at least a month, in order to enjoy that peculiar spectacle. He determined to wait two months if necessary; but in the meantime, thought it would be pleasant and interesting to run up and get a peep at the crater. The wind blew strongly from the west, and spun out the dusky smoke into long ribbons in the air. Once or twice in the night, he thought he could detect red sparks among the fuliginous vapor, which now and then increased largely in volume, and issued from the breast of the mountain with something like a deep grunt. The young clergyman observed jocularly that Enceladus was snorting or snoring in his sleep. But the barrister, familiar with the slang of men about town, maintained that there was a row among the Titans, and that Typhoeus having got Mr. Enceladus' head into Chancery, was pommelling him about the nob, and making him seek to deliver himself with fierce puffing and contortions. Mr. Fennel laughed at their absurdity, which he did not even pretend to mistake for wit, and determined to set out early in the evening to see with his own eyes, as he expressed it, what it was all about. At the hour appointed, the mules were ready, and off they went. To describe what they saw, what they felt, what they thought, and what they said, would fill a volume of no small dimensions. Sicily is big, every inch of it, with wonder; and no writer, so far as I know, has succeeded in conveying to an untravelled reader any idea of its awe-inspiring scenery. You know very well that every step you take conducts you over unfathomable gulfs of fire, from which you are separated only by a thin crust, which may at any moment crack and fall in. You know that interminable beds of sulphur extend from the great volcanic peak in unnumbered leagues out beneath the sea, and that for thousands of years they have supplied fuel to that prodigious fireplace, whose chimney rises 10,000 feet towards the empyrean. You feel mingling with the air you breathe the warmth of that mighty conflagration, which, forcing its way throughout the earth and the rocks, com-

municates a luxuriance to every kind of vegetation unknown in other parts of the world. But in spite of this knowledge, you are led, by the example of the inhabitants, to put confidence in appearances, and to imagine that those more stupendous Phlegrean fields will continue safely for your time to hang floating over subterranean fires, displaying their beauty and their sublimity, and concealing altogether from the eye the fearful apparatus by which their splendors are produced.

As everybody knows, the ascent of Mount Etna is not to be accomplished in an hour or two. If you wish to reach it by day-break, that you may witness sunrise from its summit, you must set out early the evening before. If your mules are vigorous, you may perhaps find time for a short nap, a little after midnight, and recommence the ascent about three o'clock. In the case of Mr. Fennel and his companions, the mules performed their part with great perseverance and fidelity. If you have travelled by night in a mountainous and woody country, you must know what an exciting thing it is; what gulfs of shadow you gaze at from time to time, straining your eyes in vain to penetrate into their depths; what towering precipices nod and frown over you; what sounds, wild and startling, and proceeding from you know not what cause, come at intervals through the woods; and how your heart beats with something very much like fear, but yet not unmingled with pleasure, as you spring over chasms, after the example of your guide, and climb zigzag along the face of cliffs which seem inclined to carry you up higher than Babel's projected tower into the sky!

It was already one o'clock, when the guides, who are perfectly despotic during such undertakings, pronounced it time to halt and take a little refreshment; after which, if so inclined, the whole party, they said, might sleep for two hours without running the least risk of not reaching the edge of the crater by sunrise. They did halt; and while the servants were kindling a fire with dried wood, which lay about in plenty, Mr. Fennel amused himself with looking down the vast sweeps of the mountain towards the sea. In that part of the world, nobody appears to sit up late; and at the time to which I now refer, the Sicil-

ian cities had no lamps. You consequently beheld nothing on shore, save dusky irregularities descending and undulating to the extreme verge of the shore. But the sea, when it bares its breast to the stars, has always a faint glimmer diffused over it. On the present occasion, there were patches of phosphorescence which, like small luminous isles, flashed and floated between you and the Tarentine promontory. Science may dissipate as it pleases the mystery of these phenomena, but nothing can still that disquietude of the heart with which you contemplate the waves on fire, looking like so many glowworms several leagues in dimensions, floating leisurely away before the wind. From enjoying this curious prospect, Mr. Fennel was called away by the announcement that supper was ready. He then joined his companions, ate, drank, and went, wrapped in his cloak, to sleep, like a red Indian, with his feet towards the fire.

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping: they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless, he now stole a march upon them. Awaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible idea suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proofs of it. They were standing on a knoll skirted on the side of the cone with trees, and on the right and left, a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overthrowing every thing in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Never did Mr. Fennel witness any-

thing so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralyzed with terror.

"How are we to get out of this situation?" inquired he.

"We don't know," they replied; "we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming; and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass."

"Well," replied the traveller, "lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out into the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and hem us in."

"You are right," declared the guides; "for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill; and if we fail to precede them, we are lost."

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous celerity. Down the mountain, therefore, they went leaving every thing behind them but the iron-shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the bellowing of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matters, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests, as the irresistible lava forced its way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks, and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front, a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching in its advance, trees, grass, nay, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquefied by its indescribable heat.

"Are you ignorant of this cliff?" in-

quired Mr. Fennel; "or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?"

"It lies entirely out of our usual track," replied the men, "and we have never seen it before."

I do not pretend to describe Mr. Fennel's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent; they do not converse, do not discuss their means of escape, do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings are theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire. The earth was reddening on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace-mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench, were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such fate by suicide.

While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook: there was a wild crash; the rock parted and yawned, and they beheld a red streak making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They fled, not knowing whither, towards the left; but their progress was soon arrested by the heat thrown out by the lava. All thoughts, all eyes, were now directed towards the precipice: should they dash over, and, by one leap in the dark, either deliver themselves from the most fearful of deaths, or put an end to their agonies at once? With sensations which baffle all description, they approached the edge of the rock, and looked over it. Could they discern any thing below? No; all was thick darkness, suggesting unfathomable depth. They would remain therefore where they were, in the hope that the lava might rise no higher, and that when the light of day should make its appearance, they might see some avenue of deliverance. But this hope the guides dissipated. They knew too well that the lava-streams now separated would meet and mix before morning, and leave not one inch of the ground they now stood on unflooded by fire. Yet all hesitated to plunge down they knew not whither in the dark. While they lived, while they breathed, something like a

miracle perhaps might occur to preserve them. They would therefore hope, and defer taking the fatal plunge till there should be nothing else left them. It soon came to this: the fiery circle became contracted, the heat and the sense of suffocation intolerable, and at length the young clergyman, with a mixture of horror and resignation in his countenance, volunteered to make the first plunge. In spite of the volcanic glow, his face assumed the hue of death as he approached the rock. He did not dash forward—he did not throw himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained there suspended for a moment, and then—

What was that noise?—that of a body dashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr. Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way he committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened: again no answer came. Then followed the barrister; and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides, and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Iberianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base.

Why, then, did they who leaped not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralyzed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes had appeared an age to those who awaited a reply. But, long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What roused them at last was the lava glow, flashing upon them from the rocks above. They rose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the Etnean surges, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon stood upon a high terrace before the city walls, from whence they beheld Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which, at wide intervals, desolate and fertilize the plains of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sobered feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr. Fennel set sail, on the following day, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.

**GIGANTIC APRICOT TREE.**—In the garden of John Edwards Langton, Esq., of Maidenhead, Berks, is a gigantic apricot tree, the dimensions of which, as taken by myself, I send to you. I should think it the largest tree of its sort in England, but at any rate it is worthy of record in your valuable and interesting journal.

It is a standard tree; and the trunk at one foot from the ground measures 4 feet 11 inches in circumference; at five feet from the ground (where the branches spring forth) the circumference is 4 feet 8 inches. It has four huge limbs, two of which measure respectively 44 and 33 1-2 inches round. It had originally a fifth which fell a victim to a storm a few years since. The height is about 30 feet. The branches cover a space of 126 feet in circumference. It has borne *fourteen* bushels of fruit in a season; and *sixty* people have dined under its

shade! The fruit is large, of a deep orange color, and delicious in flavor.

I feel certain that the owner will always have great pleasure in allowing it to be seen.—*Notes and Queries.*

**EPITAPH ON STERNHOLD OAKES.**—The "late Sternhold Oakes was rather eccentric and offered a reward for the best epitaph for his grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much he thought. At last he tried for himself and the following was the result:

'Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,

Who lived and died like other folks.'

That was satisfactory, and the old gentleman claimed the reward, which, as he had the paying of it himself, was of course allowed."—*Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

Of all the minor European states, there is scarcely one that is more interesting to the observer than the kingdom of Belgium. Small as it is, it has, from the character of its people, acquired a respectability that is sadly wanting to other powers of greater political weight. In this little land, we see among the people a most enviable degree of material prosperity, while, at the same time, it enjoys an amount of liberty in its government that, except in our own country, is hardly to be found elsewhere in Europe. Nor is Belgium less interesting from its past history than from its present condition and prospects. Many of our readers have probably spent some little time in its old towns, and they cannot but remember the quaint buildings, the strange costumes, and curious usages they observed. Turn where the visitor will, he finds some object which at once carries back his mind some centuries, and compels him to think of the days when the merchants of Flanders were a power in Northern Europe, and the various guilds met and opposed, often successfully, the mailed chivalry of France. As he walks along, too, he sees inscriptions and hears words uttered in what appears to be a rude and uncultivated *patois*, wanting alike the elegance of the French, and the masculine vigor of the German. Such a jargon, he perhaps thinks, cannot fairly be considered a language, and to some extent, he is right. Until within the last few years, Flemish was in the position of a mere *patois*. Unlike its kindred Dutch, which has long boasted a respectable, though little-known literature, it was utterly uncultivated, and the only books printed in it were some few prayer-books, and those collections of tales, songs, and ballads which form the delight of the ruder part of every community. The educated classes spoke and thought in French, and Flemish was left to the smaller shopkeepers and to the peasantry. Something like a revolution has, however, begun. Some men of education have taken the despised dialect under their patronage, and now a Flemish movement is progressing in Belgium, one of the chief objects of which is the cultivation of what is the language of the great mass of the people of the country.

We may perhaps be inclined to doubt how far it is expedient to attempt to give life and vigor to a language which is spoken by so small a part of the population of Europe, and which must ever, while it exists, form a barrier isolating the Flemings from their neighbors. Be this as it may, however, the movement is going on, and it is a strange fact that, when upon a recent occasion of national rejoicing in Belgium, prizes were offered for the best poems in French and Flemish, out of the innumerable compositions which were submitted to the judges, not one of those written in French could be considered as possessing even the moderate degree of merit which we presume is required upon occasions of the kind, while, on the other hand, several of the Flemish compositions appeared to be deserving of honorable mention.

Among the promoters of this Flemish movement, Hendrik Conscience is certainly the best known, if not the only one at all known in England. Several of his novels and tales have been translated into our language, and have acquired a well-merited popularity. Who has not been delighted with the *Recruit* and with *Blind Rosa*? Which of our readers has not sympathized with the mental sufferings of the *Poor Nobleman*? We have all read *Vefa* and the *Miser*, and wondered over the strange tale of *Abulfaragus*; and the *refrain* of *Rikkettiket* is as familiar to our ears as any of the nursery-songs of our childhood.

Much of the popularity which has attended these tales is doubtless owing to the vividness of the descriptions of everyday Flemish life we find in them, and to the general truth of their coloring. We do not think our author can be looked upon as happy in his attempts at the regular historical romance; and the chief reason for the discrepancy between this and his less ambitious sketches is to be found in the fact, that in the one class of writings he has had nothing to guide him but his imagination and the lifeless records of old times, while for the other he has found a never-failing mine in his own experience. His life has been an eventful one; circumstances have driven him to mix with every class of his fellow-countrymen, from the highest to the humblest, and at times he seems to have

been reduced to straits that remind us of what we read of in the literary history of England during the last century.

Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp in 1812. His father had served in the French marine at one time as a midshipman, and later as an *employé* in the docks at Antwerp. On the break-up of the first French empire, he settled in that city as a merchant. Our author's mother died before he had reached his seventh year; and thus from that period young Hendrik was chiefly left to himself, little, if at all, controlled by the authority of his surviving parent. Fortunately for him, part of his father's business consisted in the purchase of old books and papers; and thus the boy found the means of acquiring some knowledge. He read everything that came across him, and apparently the mass of books he thus indiscriminately devoured produced no evil effect upon his mind. Some years after his wife's death, the father, who seems to have been a man of a somewhat eccentric turn of mind, left Antwerp, bought some land in its neighborhood, and built a sort of hermitage. There, while their father was attending to his business, and travelling through different parts of France and Belgium, Hendrik and a brother of his were left altogether to themselves. They never quitted the house and the garden which surrounded it. All the necessities of life were brought in from the outside, and thus the two boys for some time led the lives of two hermits. After a period of some three years spent by them in this solitude, their father married a second time. But the strange education, or rather want of education, of the boys now began to exhibit the natural results. For years they had been to a great extent their own masters, and there had been no one to teach them the duty of obedience. The consequence was, that upon all possible occasions, they resisted the authority of their step-mother; and the disputes which arose in the family in consequence of this conduct, grew so bitter, that it was found necessary to remove the boys from their home; and they were accordingly sent to a school in Antwerp. At this establishment, Hendrik resolved to become a teacher, and to adopt that profession as his means of livelihood. All his studies were accordingly bent in that direction; and perhaps our author might

at this moment be wasting away his life in teaching village-dunces the rudiments of grammar, but for the great political events which at that period began to trouble Europe. The French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and was successful; and the Belgians, animated alike by national and religious feelings, determined to follow the example of their neighbors, and to shake off the Dutch yoke, which, since 1815, had pressed heavily upon their country. Conscience, like other young men, was fired with the enthusiasm of the time. He turned his back upon school and home, and took service in the Belgian army as a volunteer. He saw some sharp fighting during the years which ensued, but never rose in his regiment beyond the rank of serjeant-major. However, if he was unsuccessful in obtaining advancement in the profession into which he had so ardently thrown himself, he achieved some distinction in a different way. After the successful completion of the revolution, it seems that a considerable amount of discontent appeared in the ranks of the Belgian army. Conscience became the poet of his regiment, and it is stated that his verses contributed not a little to add fuel to the rising flame. Strange to say, these first literary essays of an author whose best fame has since been achieved by his Flemish writings, were in the French language. At that period of his life, however, Hendrik had the same contempt which was generally felt for the tongue of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Shortly after this, the Belgian army was placed upon a new footing, and our author, with many others, obtained his discharge from the service. He spent some time vainly seeking for employment, and at length, as a last resource, determined to try his hand upon authorship. He wrote his first book, *The Year of Wonders*—a series of scenes from the days of the Spanish supremacy in the Netherlands. The work, like many other first works, was unsuccessful as a pecuniary speculation, although, in a literary point of view, it met with some appreciation in Belgium. When Hendrik came to settle his account with his publisher, he found himself deeply in debt. Something, however, must be done, if he wished to exist. His father, who had had several children by his second wife, could no longer support him, and Hen-

drik left his home once more—this time forever. All he possessed in the world when he took this decided step, was two francs, and a few clothes tied up in a handkerchief. With a heavy heart, and scarcely knowing what he should do, he bent his steps towards Antwerp. In this city, however, some little good fortune was in store for him; and he there met an old school-fellow, who introduced him to his father. This gentleman took some interest in the poor fortune-seeker, and, at all events, secured him the necessities of life by providing unlimited credit for him at an inn. Wappers, the painter, also made his acquaintance, and became his friend, and even presented him to King Leopold. This presentation was well-nigh prevented by the very unromantic circumstance of our author's wardrobe being so scanty, that he had no clothes in which he could decently make his appearance before his sovereign. With Wappers' assistance, however, this difficulty was surmounted; the king received Conscience graciously, accepted a copy of *The Year of Wonders* from him, and afforded him some pecuniary assistance. Encouraged by this, Conscience now published a second work, which met with the same unfortunate fate as its predecessor; and a third, *The Lion of Flanders*, which cost its author fourteen months' labor, and brought him in the magnificent profit of six francs.

Conscience now found himself seriously embarrassed in consequence of the want of success of these publications. He began to think, also, that these repeated failures were proofs that he could not expect to earn a livelihood by the pursuits of literature. He therefore came to the determination of henceforth earning his bread by the work of his hands; and he hired himself to a gardener as a common laborer. In this situation he spent thirteen months; but the close of his trials was at length at hand. His friend Wappers again came to his assistance, and once more called the attention of King Leopold to the struggling author. The result was, that Conscience obtained a place in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Antwerp, which secured him from all want. He now began that series of tales and sketches which have given him a European reputation. His works no longer meet with the fate of his earlier productions. They are sold and read, and have been translated into many languages. For several years, his life has been easy and happy. The author of *Flemish Interiors* informs us that Conscience is married, and the father of two sons. Thus, after all his struggles, we may presume that he is in the enjoyment of that comfort and domestic happiness, for the absence of which even the most widely spread literary fame can afford but a poor compensation.

**A RAILWAY QUERY.**—Suppose a railway train to start on a journey from the North Pole, when the rate of the earth's rotatory motion is at zero, and to travel fifty miles in one hour due south. Each minute of the sixty the train has been subjected to a growing lateral pressure from the steadily increasing rapidity of the points of the earth's surface which it is passing over; till, at the point of its arrival, it finds itself rushing from west to east at the rate of upwards of twelve miles an hour. The effect of this on the velocity during the journey must have been much the same as if it had been running all the way in a curve, to which the railroad may be considered a tangent, and which, at the point of arrival, has diverged upwards of twelve miles from the apparent rectilinear path, and the pressure of the wheels against the rails during that rapid journey must have proved a very appreciable retarding force. The Query which I would append to the above is this: Have our practical engineers made any allowance for this

element in their calculations of the working powers required for railways whose direction is north and south? or have our Railway Companies detected the operation of this element, and to what extent?—*Notes and Queries*.

**TYBURN, ITS ANTIQUITY AS A PLACE OF EXECUTION.**—In Vol. II. of "N. & Q." (1st S. 243), there is a quotation from the *British Apollo*, 1740:

"As to the antiquity of Tyburn, it is no older than the year 1529: before that time, the place of execution was in Rotten Row, in Old Street."

This is an egregious error. In 1196, upwards of 300 years before the date named, William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, was executed at Tyburn, as we learn from Roger de Wendover. Is there any prior execution at Tyburn recorded?—*Notes and Queries*.

From Notes and Queries.

### THE SENSE OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

THE curious problem in mental psychology, which Sir Walter Scott, in the extract given by F., designates as "the sense of pre-existence," I can venture to confirm, not only from my own experience, but from the recorded testimony of a number of eminent persons, some portion of which (as this appears to be an interesting subject of speculation) I subjoin.

The earliest distinct mention of this singular mental affection that I am acquainted with, is that by Sir Walter himself, in one of the most charming of his prose fictions, where the hero of the story, unconscious of his name and lineage, revisiting his own ancestral mansion, after an absence from childhood, exclaims:

"Why is it, that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? . . . How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place."

That this feeling is not an uncommon one may be gathered from a late publication by Mr. Samuel Warren:

"I am strongly disposed to think," he says, "that every person who has meditated upon the operations of his own mind, has occasionally, and suddenly, been startled with a notion that it possesses qualities and attributes of which he has *nowhere* seen any account. I do not know how to express it but I have several times had a transient consciousness of mere ordinary incidents then occurring, having somehow or other happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able to predict the sequence. I once mentioned this to a man of powerful intellect, and he said, 'So have I.'"—*Lecture at Hull, &c.*, p. 48.

Sir E. B. Lytton, who has several allusions in his works to this feeling of reminiscence, describes it as "that strange kind of inner and spiritual memory, which often recalls to us places and persons we have never seen before, and which Platonists would resolve to be the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life." He also somewhere

expresses surprise that the idea of the soul's pre-existence has not been made available for the purposes of poetry; but the distinguished writer must have forgotten, at the moment, Wordsworth's grand ode. Does not Milton, also, who had imbibed from his college friend Henry More an early bias to the study of Plato, whose philosophy nourished most of the fine spirits of that day, hint at the same opinion in those exquisite lines in *Comus*?

"The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and embrutes, till she quite lose  
*The divine property of her first being.*  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,  
Lingering and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved."

l. 467.

This, by the way, seems a favorite illustration with our elder divines, one of the greatest of whom has a noble passage, not unworthy of being placed beside the verses of Milton. (See Scott's *Christian Life*, chap. iii. sect. 1.; and compare Dr. H. More's *Immortality of the Soul*, book ii. ch. xvi., and Sir Kenelm Digby on *Religio Medici*, p. 91.; Sir T. Browne's *Works*, fol. 1686.)

The testimony of Lord Lyndsay, in his description of the Valley of the Kadisha (*Letters*, p. 351., ed. 1847), is too interesting to be passed over:

"We saw the river Kadisha, like a silver thread, descending from Lebanon. The whole scene bore that strange and shadowy resemblance to the wondrous landscape delineated in "Kubla Khan," that one so often feels in actual life, when the whole scene around you appears to be reacting after a long interval,—your friends seated in the same juxta-position, the subjects of conversation the same, and shifting with the same "dream-like ease," that you remember at some remote and indefinite period of pre-existence; you always know what will come next, and sit spell-bound, as it were, in a sort of calm expectancy."

But perhaps the most remarkable narrative of the occurrence of this strange sensation is that to be found in a little *Memoir of the late William Hone*, the Parodist, who appears to have been led by its experience to doubt for the first time the truth of the system of materialistic atheism which, for thirty years of his life, he had most unfortunately adopted. The strong intimation which the incident seemed to convey to his mind of the independence of the soul upon the body gave rise to inquiries, which terminated in his

becoming a convert to the truth of the Christian religion. The story, as related by himself to several of his friends, is as follows. Being called, in the course of business, to a house in a certain street in a part of London quite new to him, he had noticed to himself, as he walked along, that he had never been there before.

"I was shown," he said, "into a room to wait. On looking round, to my astonishment everything appeared perfectly familiar to me: I seemed to recognize every object. I said to myself, what is this? I was never here before, and yet I have seen all this: and, if so, there is a very peculiar knot in the shutter."

He opened the shutter, and found the knot! Now, then, thought he, "Here is something I cannot explain on my principles; there must be some power beyond matter." The thought then suggested, adds his biographer, never left him, till he was brought from "the horror of great darkness"—from the atheism of which he ever spoke with shuddering memories, into the glorious light of revelation.

And now, what shall we say of this mysterious impression? Is it in reality from some former life that these gleams of inner memory come which are occasionally permitted to haunt our minds?

"May there not," it has been asked, "exist senses still imperfectly defined by physiological science, mysteries of the soul still undeveloped, a mockery to the learned, but of profound conviction to more delicate organizations? Or are there new diseases of the mind as of the body, the result of higher civilization, and artificial modes of life, inducing a greater delicacy and susceptibility of the nervous system? Or are we indebted to our more active and refined enquiry, and more accurate habits of mental analysis for making us acquainted with mental phenomena, which existed before unobserved and unrecorded?"

The most plausible solution seems to be that given by a learned medical writer, the late Dr. Wigan, in his work on *The Duality of the Mind*, London, 1844. After describing the sudden flash of reminiscence which accompanies the sensation in question, he adds,—

"All seems to be remembered, and to be now attracting attention for the second time; never is it supposed to be the third time. And this delusion occurs only when the mind has been exhausted by excitement, or is, from

indisposition, or any other cause, languid, or only slightly attentive to the conversation. The persuasion of the scene being a repetition comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance. . . . I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used in the immediately preceding part of the scene; the other brain has been asleep, or in an analogous state nearly approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the ideas have passed through the mind before, which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas have passed through the mind before; and as there was not a sufficient consciousness to fix them in the mind, without a renewal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the faint impression received by the single brain, and the distinct impression by the double brain. It may seem to have been many years.

"The strongest example of this delusion I ever recollect in my own person was at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. . . . Several disturbed nights previously, and the almost total privation of rest on the night immediately preceding it, had put my mind into a state of hysterical irritability, which was still further increased by grief, and by exhaustion for want of food. . . . I had been standing for four hours, and on taking my place beside the coffin in St. George's Chapel, was only prevented from fainting by the interest of the scene. . . . Suddenly after the pathetic *miserere* of Mozart, the music ceased, and there was an absolute silence. The coffin, placed on a kind of altar covered with black cloth, sank down so slowly through the floor, that it was only in measuring its progress by some brilliant object beyond, that any motion could be perceived. I had fallen into a sort of torpid reverie, when I was recalled to consciousness by a paroxysm of grief on the part of the bereaved husband, as his eye suddenly caught the coffin sinking into its black grave formed by the inverted covering of the altar. In an instant, I felt not merely an impression, but a conviction, that I had seen the whole scene before, and had heard the very words addressed to myself by Sir Geo. Naylor. . . . Often did I discuss this matter with my talented friend, the late Dr. Gooch, who always took great interest in subjects occupying the debateable region between physics and metaphysics, but we could never devise an explanation satisfactory to either of us. I cannot but think that the theory of two brains affords a sufficient solution of this otherwise inexplicable phenomenon."

It would seem to have been under similar derangement of the nervous system, unstrung by sickness, misfortune, or grief, or over-exertion, or when the feelings have been deeply stirred by some national calamity, that this peculiar sensation has usually manifested itself. At such times the very atmosphere seems fraught with some strange influence; every accustomed sound—even the ticking of a clock—unnoticed before, falls upon the ear with almost painful distinctness, and the silence which intervenes seems almost preternatural. In the case of Sir W. Scott, recorded in that pathetic *Diary* of his closing life, from which your correspondent F. has given an extract, his mind had been hopelessly impaired by his almost superhuman efforts to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and the delicacy of his mental organization, which, his biographer remarks, he had always stoically endeavored to hide, had become apparent to his friends, before that entry was made in his *Diary*. Indeed, the touching record of his wayward alternation of feelings, at that very period, inscribed by his own hand on a neighboring page, shows that there was every predisposition in his mind to induce a state of morbid sensibility.

"I spent the day," he says, "which was delightful, wandering from place to place in the woods, sometimes reading, sometimes 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' 'idly stirred' by the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay strangely mingled with those of dismal melancholy; tears which seemed ready to flow unbidden; smiles which approached to those of insanity; all that wild variety of mood which solitude engenders."

And so, too, in Hone's case, it was when he had been completely worn down by the excitement of his extraordinary trial, that he was suddenly startled by an apparent recognition of an apartment, which he had certainly entered for the first time in his life. There is to be accounted for, however, in his story, the curious fact, that he proposed as a test to himself of the reality of the impression, the finding of a certain knot in the wood of the window-shutter, and that he actually did discover it.

In fine, we may, perhaps, accept the ingenious explanatory theory of Dr. Wigan as the most plausible solution; but, as to the doubleness or duality of the *mind*, which the

title of his book implies, Sir Henry Holland, in his elegant *Chapters on Mental Physiology*, affirms that he can see no foundation for it. But, may we not with great probability conclude, that the singular mental phenomenon which forms the subject of this note proceeds "from some incongruous action of the double structure of the *brain*," to which perfect unity of action belongs in a healthy state?

There are "many mansions" in the kingdom of God. Is it not then very possible that previously to this life the human soul has passed through many mansions, that is, many different phases of existence, and that it is destined to pass through many more before it arrives at its final rest? Surely if we could establish as true the idea of a pre-existence, we should gain an additional argument, if such were wanting, in proof of an immortality to come.

We are told that Pythagoras recollected his former self in the respective persons of a herald named Æthalides, Euphorbus the Trojan, Hermodotus of Clazomenæ, and others, and that he even pointed out in the temple of Juno, at Argos, the shield he used when he attacked Patroclus.

Can any of your readers name others who have felt, or pretended to feel, a consciousness of pre-existence?

The papers of F. and the Rev. W. L. Nichols possess a deep interest for me, as I was once myself the subject of a remarkable day dream, which you will perhaps permit me to relate. About four years ago, I suffered severely from derangement of stomach; and upon one occasion, after passing a restless and disturbed night, I came down to breakfast in the morning, experiencing a sense of general discomfort and uneasiness. I was seated at the breakfast-table with some members of my family, when suddenly the room and objects around me vanished away, and I found myself, without surprise, in the street of a foreign city. Never having been abroad, I imagined it to have been a foreign city from the peculiar character of the architecture. The street was very wide, and on either side of the roadway there was a foot pavement elevated above the street to a considerable height. The houses had pointed gables and casemented windows overhanging

the street. The roadway presented a gentle acclivity; and at the end of the street there was a road crossing it at right angles, backed by a green slope, which rose to the eminence of a hill, and was crowned by more houses, over which soared a lofty tower, either of a church or some other ecclesiastical building. As I gazed on the scene before me I was impressed with an overwhelming conviction that I had looked upon it before, and that its features were perfectly familiar to me; I even seemed *almost* to remember the name of the place, and whilst I was making an effort to do so a crowd of people appeared to be advancing in an orderly manner up the street. As it came nearer it resolved itself into a quaint procession of persons in what we should call fancy dresses, or perhaps more like one of the guild festivals which we read of as being held in some of the old continental cities. As the procession came abreast of the spot where I was standing I mounted on the pavement to let it go by, and as it filed past me, with its banners and gay paraphernalia flashing in the sunlight, the irresistible conviction again came over me that I had seen this same procession before, and in the very street through which it was now passing. Again I *almost* recollected the name of the concourse and its occasion; but whilst endeavoring to stimulate my memory to perform its function, the effort dispelled the vision, and I found myself, as before, seated at my breakfast-table, cup in hand. My exclamation of astonishment attracted the notice of one of the members of my family, who inquired "what I had been staring at?" Upon my relating what I have imperfectly described, some surprise was manifested, as the vision, which appeared to me to embrace a period of considerable duration, must have been almost instantaneous. The city, with its landscape, is indelibly fixed in my memory, but the sense of previous familiarity with it has never again been renewed. The "spirit of man within him" is indeed a mystery; and those who have witnessed the progress of a case of catalepsy cannot but have been impressed with the conviction, that there are dormant faculties belonging to the human mind, which, like the rudimentary wings said to be contained within the skin of a caterpillar, are only to be developed in a higher sphere of being.

It was long before I could find persons who had experienced what I have so often done in this way. It has many times happened to me, not like the feeling of pre-existence noticed by Lytton and Scott, but as if I had myself gone through precisely the same train of thought before, or as having spoken the same things, and had others join in the conversation and say the same, as had happened at some indistinct period before. I have found a few, but very few persons who testified that they had experienced the same curious sensation. It never occurred to me as in any way implying or connected with pre-existence, but it is sufficiently strange and unaccountable to have a strong vivid recollection come upon us that we have thought and spoken, and that others have spoken with us, precisely in the same order and connection as at the time present. This feeling I have had very frequently, but of course it has been oftenest with reference to trains of thought alone. I may add that not unfrequently it has happened to me in a dream, to feel that I had dreamed exactly the same before.

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This subject, started by me, and more fully and ably investigated by the Rev. W. L. Nichols, seems still to require farther consideration.

In the first place, I wish that a more appropriate term were found to designate the feeling in question. I would call it "mysterious memory," rather than "the sense of pre-existence." Many have experienced it who are unwilling and unable to conceive that the present is merely the repetition of the past. "Nature never repeats herself" is, I believe, an axiom in natural philosophy. "The sense of prescience" would, perhaps, be nearer the truth. Some of the cases, as that of Hone, mentioned by Mr. Nichols, are scarcely to be explained otherwise than as cases of fore-knowledge.

That, under certain conditions, the human mind is capable of foreseeing the future, more or less distinctly, is hardly to be questioned. May we not suppose that in dreams or waking reveries we sometimes anticipate what will befall us, and that this impression, forgotten in the interval, is revived by the actual occurrence of the event foreseen? In the *Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau is a remarkable passage, which appears to sup-

port this theory. He says, that in his youth, taking a solitary walk, he fell into a reverie, in which he clearly foresaw "the happiest day of his life," which occurred seven or eight years afterwards:

"Je me vis, comme en extase, transporté dans cet heureux temps, et dans cet heureux séjour, où mon cœur, possédant toute la félicité qui pouvait lui plaire, la goûtait dans les ravissements inexprimables, sans songer même à la volupté des sens. Je ne me souviens pas de m'être élané jamais dans l'avenir avec plus de force, et d'illusion que je fie alors: et ce qui m'a frappé le plus dans le souvenir de cette reverie quand elle s'est réalisée, c'est d'avoir retrouvé des objets tels exactement que je les avais imaginés. Si jamais rêve d'un homme éveillé eut l'air d'une vision prophétique, ce fut assurément celui-là."—*Confes.*, partie 1. liv. 3.

He afterwards relates the realization of his day-dream, at a *fête champêtre* in the company of Madame de Warens, at a place which he had not previously seen:

VICTORY SWALLOWED UP IN DEATH.—On the receipt of the intelligence of Lord Nelson's death, which did not reach this country till November 6, the grief occasioned by the announcement was excessive and overwhelming, even in the royal closet. A domestic calamity had befallen the nation, which seemed to outweigh for the moment every other thought and consequence of the victory; the joy of the country was a *chastened* joy; the price England had paid for it was felt to be too high:

"The Park and Tower guns announced the victory to the metropolis; and Admiral Collingwood's despatch having been forwarded to the King, His Majesty received it about seven o'clock in the morning. The Duke of York arrived at Windsor Castle about eight o'clock, to congratulate their Majesties upon the victory, and to condole with them on the great and heavy loss by which it was purchased. On hearing of the death of Lord Nelson, His Majesty was so deeply afflicted that a profound silence of nearly five minutes ensued before he could give utterance to his feelings. The Queen, on being informed, called the princesses around her, and read the despatches aloud, while the Royal group are said to have shed tears. The Royal Family then went to chapel, to return thanks to Almighty God for the success of his Majesty's arms.

"Pitt observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hue, but that, whether good or bad, he could lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to re-

"La situation d'âme où je me trouvais, tout ce que nous avions dit et fait ce jour-là, tous les objets qui m'avaient frappé, me rappèlerent l'espèce de rêve que tout éveillé j'avais fait à Annecy sept ou huit ans auparavant, et d'ont j'ai rendu compte en son lieu. Les rapports en étaient si frappants, qu'ed y pensant j'en fus ému jusqu'aux larmes."—*Confes.*, partie 1. liv. 6.

Now if Rousseau, on the second of these occasions, had forgotten the previous one, saving a faint remembrance of the ideas which he then conceived, it is evident that this would have been a case of the kind under consideration.

I do not agree with Mr. Nichols, that the persons mentioned by him can be considered as persons of morbid sensibility. In particular, the quotation from *Guy Mannering* shows that Sir Walter Scott had experienced the mysterious sensation at a time when his mind was in its fullest vigor.

joyce at, that he could not calm his thoughts; but at length got up, though it was three in the morning:

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?"

"When the Duke of Clarence ascended the steps of St. Paul's, he suddenly stopped, and took hold of the colors that were borne by the Victory's men; and, after conversing with one of the gallant tars, *he burst into tears*. On the entrance of the tattered flags within the Communion-rails, the Prince of Wales, after conversing with the Duke of Clarence, sent and requested they might be brought as near the grave as possible; and on observing them, although at some distance, the tears fell from His Royal Highness."—*Annual Register*, vol. xlviii. p. 360.

It is said that the funeral car which conveyed the remains of Lord Nelson twice underwent alteration. It was at first found to be *too high* to admit of its passage under the arch of Temple Bar. This mistake being remedied, it was then discovered that its *width* would not allow of its admission through the gates of the Admiralty! See Sir H. Nicolas' *Despatches and Letters*, Appendix, vol. vii.—*Notes and Queries*.

SPINETTES.—Are any Spinettes known to be still in existence? and if so, where? I do not include Harpsichords in my inquiry. What is the difference between the Virginals and the Spinette? and when did the latter supersede the former? Was the Spinette in use later than the reign of Queen Anne?—*Notes and Queries*.

"MAN to man, and in the desert, I had but little to fear; yet when I saw Achmet's face, my heart turned to water within me. He was a brave warrior. I had ridden by his side many a time in deadly strife; but I had never seen him look like this before. When I turned to confront him, my horse was jaded and worn out—I felt that my life was in the hand of mine enemy.

" 'Achmet,' I said, 'let me go in peace; the maiden has made her choice—she is mine.'

"His only answer was a lance-thrust that passed between Zuleika's body and my own. The girl clung fainting to my bosom, and encumbered my sword-arm. My horse could not withstand the shock of Achmet's charge, and rolled over me on the sand. In endeavoring to preserve Zuleika from injury, my yataghan dropped out of its sheath; my lance was already broken in the fall, and I was undermost, with the gripe of my adversary on my throat. Twice I shook myself free from his hold: and twice I was again overmastered by my rival. His eyes were like living coals, and the foam flew from his white lips. He was mad, and Allah gave him strength. The third time his grasp brought the blood from my mouth and nostrils. I was powerless in his hold. His right arm was raised to strike; I saw the blade quivering dark against the burning sky. I turned my eyes towards Zuleika; for even then I thought of *her*. The girl was a true Arab, faithful to the last. Once, twice, she raised her arm quick and deadly as the lightning. She had seized my yataghan when it dropped from its sheath, and she buried it in Achmet's body. I rose from the ground a living man, and I was saved by *her*.

"Effendi, we took the bay mare, and left my jaded horse with the dead man. For days we journeyed on, and looked not back, nor thought of the past, for we were all-in-all to each other; and whilst our barley lasted and we could find water, we knew that we were safe; so we reached Cairo, and trusted in Allah for the future. I had a sword, a lovely wife, and the best mare in the world; but I was a soldier, and I could not gain my bread by trade. I loathed the counters and the bazaar, and longed once more to see the horsemen marshalled in the field. So I fed and dressed the bay mare,

and cleaned my arms, and leaving Zuleika in the bazaars, placed myself at the gate of the Pasha and waited for an audience.

"He received me kindly, and treated me as a guest of consideration; but he had a cunning twinkle in his eye that I liked not; and although I knew him to be as brave as the lion, I suspected that he was as treacherous as the fox; nevertheless, 'the hungry man knows not dates from bread,' and I accepted service under him willingly, and went forth from his presence well pleased with my fate. 'Zuleika,' I thought, 'will rejoice to hear that I have employment, and I shall find here in Cairo a sweet little garden where I will plant and tend my rose.'

"I thought to rejoin my love where I had left her, in the bazaar; but she was gone. I waited hours for her return; she came not, and the blood thickened round my heart. I made inquiries of the porters and water-carriers, and all the passers-by that I could find: none had seen her. One old woman alone thought she had seen a girl answering my description in conversation with a black, wearing the uniform of the Pasha; but she was convinced that the girl had a fawn-colored robe, or it might have been lilac, or perhaps orange, but it certainly was not green: this could not then be Zuleika, for she wore the color of the Prophet. She was lost to me—she for whom I had striven and toiled so much: my heart sank within me; but I could not leave the place, and for months I remained at Cairo, and became a Yuz-Bashi in the Guards of the Pasha. But from that time to this I have had no tidings of Zuleika—*my Zuleika*."

The Beloochee's face was deadly pale, and his features worked with strong emotion: it was evident that this fierce warrior—man of blood though he had been from his youth upward—had been tamed by the Arab girl. She was the one thing on earth he loved, and the love of such wild hearts is fearful in its intensity. After a pause, during which he seemed to smother feelings he could not command, he proceeded in a hoarse, broken voice with his tale.

"The days have never been so bright since I lost her, Effendi; but what would you? it was my *kismet*, and I submitted; as we must all submit when it is fruitless to struggle. Day by day I did my duty, and increased in the good opinion of the Pasha;

but I cared for nothing now save only the bay mare, and I gave her the name of one whom I should never see again.

"The Pasha was a haughty old warrior, lavish in his expenses, magnificent in his apparel, and, above all, proud of his horses. Some of the swiftest and noblest steeds of the desert had found their way into his stables; and there were three things in the world which it was well known he would not refuse in the shape of a bribe, these were gold, beauty, and horse-flesh. Ere long he cast a wistful look on my bay mare, Zuleika.

"It is well known, Effendi, that an Arab mare of pure race is not to be procured. The sons of the desert are true to their principles, and although gold will buy their best horses, they are careful not to part with their mares for any consideration in the world. For long the Pasha would not believe that Zuleika was a daughter of that wonderful line which was blessed so many hundred years ago by the Prophet, nor was I anxious that he should learn her value, for I knew him to be a man who took no denial to his will. But when he saw her outstripping all competitors at the jereed; when he saw her day after day, at work or at rest, in hardship or in plenty, always smooth and sleek and mettlesome as you see her now, he began to covet so good an animal, and with the Pasha to covet was in one way or another to possess.

"Many a hint was given me that I ought to offer him my bay mare as a present, and that I might then ask what I would; but to all these I turned a deaf ear; now that she was gone, what had I in the world but Zuleika? and I swore in my soul that death alone should part us. At length the Pasha offered me openly whatever sum I chose to name as the price of my mare, and suggested at the same time that if I continued obdurate, it might be possible that he should obtain the animal for nothing, and that I should never have occasion to get on horseback again. My life was in danger as well as my favorite. I determined, if it were possible, to save both.

"I went to the Pasha's gate and demanded an audience, presenting at the same time a basket of fruit for his acceptance. He received me graciously, and ordered pipes and coffee, bidding me seat myself on a divan by his side.

"Ali," said he, after a few unmeaning compliments, 'Ali, there are a hundred steeds in my stable. Take your choice of them, and exchange with me your bay mare, three for one.'

"Pasha!" I replied, 'my bay mare is yours and all that I have, but I am under an oath, that, never in my life am I to give or sell her to any one.'

"The Pasha smiled, and the twinkle in his eye betokened mischief. 'It is said,' he answered, 'an oath is an oath. There is but one Allah!'

"Nevertheless, Highness," I remarked, 'I am at liberty to lose her. She may yet darken the door of your stable if you will match your best horse against her, the winner to have both. But you shall give me a liberal sum to run the race.'

"The Pasha listened eagerly to my proposal. He evidently considered the race was in his own hands, and I was myself somewhat surprised at the readiness with which he agreed to an arrangement which he must have foreseen would end in the discomfiture and loss of his own steed without the gain of mine. I did not know yet the man with whom I had to deal.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," said the Pasha, 'I am willing to start my horse for the race; and moreover, to show my favor and liberality, I am willing to give a thousand piastres for every ten yards' start you may choose to take. If my horse outstrips your mare you return me the money, if you win you take and keep all.'

"I closed with the proposal, and all night long I lay awake, thinking how I should preserve Zuleika in my own possession. That I should win I had no doubt, but this would only expose me to fresh persecutions, and eventually I should lose my life and my mare too. Towards sunrise a thought struck me, and I resolved to act upon it.

"I would hold the Pasha to his word; I would claim a start of fifty yards, and a present of five thousand piastres. I would take the money immediately, and girth my mare for the struggle. With fifty yards of advantage, where was the horse in the world that could come up with Zuleika? I would fly with her once more into the desert, and take my chance. Better death with her, than life and liberty deprived of my treasure. I rose, prayed, went to the bath, and then

fed and saddled my favorite, placing a handful of dates and a small bag of barley behind the saddle.

"All Cairo turned out to see the struggle. The Pasha's troops were under arms, and a strong party of his own Guards, the very regiment to which I belonged, was marshalled to keep the ground. We were to run a distance of two hours\* along the sand. Lances pointed out our course, and we were to return and finish in front of a tent pitched for the Pasha himself. His ladies were present, too, in their gilded *arabas*, surrounded by a negro guard. As I led my mare up they waved their handkerchiefs, and one in particular seemed restless and uneasy. I imagined I heard a faint scream from the interior of her *araba*; but the guard closed round it, and ere I had looked a second time it had been driven from the ground. Just then the Pasha summoned myself and my competitor to his tent. I cast my eye over my antagonist. He was considerably lighter than I was, and led a magnificent chestnut stallion, the best in the Pasha's stables; but when I looked at its strong but short form, and thought of Zuleika's elastic gait and lengthy stride, I had no fears for the result.

"I saluted the Pasha, and made my request. 'Highness,' I said, 'I claim a start of fifty yards and five thousand piastres. Let the money be paid, that I may take it with me and begin.'

"'It is well,' replied the Pasha. '*Kiätib*,' he added, to his secretary, 'have you prepared the "backshish" for Ali Mesrour? Bestow it on him with a blessing, that he may mount and away,' and again the cruel eye twinkled with its fierce grim humor. Effendi, my heart sank within me when I saw two sturdy slaves bring out a sack, evidently of great weight, and proceed to lay the burden on my pawing mare. 'What is this?' I exclaimed, aghast; 'Highness, this is treachery! I am not to carry all that weight!'

"'Five thousand piastres, O my soul!' replied the Pasha, with his most ferocious grin; 'and all of it in copper, too. Mount, in the name of the Prophet, and away!'

"My adversary was already in his saddle; the sack was fastened in front of mine. I

\* About seven miles. The Asiatic always counts space by time, and an hour is equivalent to something over a league.

saw that if I made the slightest demur, it would be considered a sufficient excuse to deprive me of my mare, perhaps of my life. With a prayer to Allah, I got into my saddle. \* Zuleika stepped proudly on, as though she made but little of the weight; and I took my fifty yards of start, and as much more as I could get. The signal-shot was fired, and we were off. Zuleika sniffed the air of the desert, and snorted in her joy. Despite of the piastres she galloped on. Effendi, from that day to this I have seen neither my antagonist in the race, nor the negro guard, nor the gilded *arabas*, nor the Pasha's angry smile. I won my mare, I won my life and my freedom; also I carried off five thousand piastres of the Pasha's money, and doubtless four times a-day he curses me in his prayers. But yonder is the dawn, and here is the Danube. Sick and faint you must be, Tergiman! Yet in two hours more we shall reach Omar Pasha's tent, for I myself placed a picket of our soldiers on either bank at yonder spot, and they have a boat; so take courage for a little time longer, and confess that the breath of the morning here is sweeter than the air of a Russian prison. Who can foretell this destiny? There is but one Allah!"

I had not the tough frame of my Beloochee friend; before we reached the waterside I had fainted dead away. I remember no more till I awoke from my fever in a hospital tent at head-quarters. On that weary time of prostration and suffering it is needless for me to dwell. Ere I could sit upright in bed the winter had commenced, the season for field operations was over, and the army established in cantonments. There was a lull, too, before the storm. The Allies had not yet put forth their strength, and it was far from improbable that the war might even then be near its conclusion.

Victor had determined to return to Hungary, and insisted on my accompanying him. Weak, maimed, and emaciated, I could be of no service to my chief, or to the great general who had so kindly recognized me. I had nothing to keep me in Turkey; I had nothing to take me to England. No, nowhere but there. Had I but won a name, I should have rejoiced to return into Somersetshire, to see Constance once again—to repay her coldness with scorn—perhaps to pass her without speaking—or, bitterer

still, to greet her with the frankness and ease of a mere acquaintance. But what was I, to dream thus? A mere adventurer, at best a poor soldier of fortune, whose destiny sooner or later would be but to fatten a battle-field or encumber a trench, and have

his name mis-spelt in a *gazette*. No, no, anywhere but England, and why not Hungary? Victor's arguments were unanswerable; and once more—but O! how changed from the quiet, thoughtful child—I was again at Edeldorf.

## CHAPTER XXII.—VALÉRIE.

"I TELL you I saw them led out under my very windows to be shot. Two and two they marched, with their heads erect, and their gait as haughty as if they were leading the assault. Thirteen of them in all, and the eldest not five-and-forty. O! woe to the Fatherland!—the best blood in Hungary was shed on that fearful day,—the gallant, the true-hearted, who had risen at the first call, and had been the last to fail. Taken with arms in their hands, forsooth? What should be in a gentleman's hands but arms at such a time. O, that I had but been a man!" The girl's dark eyes flashed, and her beautiful chiselled nostril dilated as she threw her head back, and stamped her little foot on the floor. None of your soft-eyed beauties was Valérie de Rohan, but one who sparkled and blazed, and took your admiration fairly by storm. Those who are experienced in such matters affirm that these are the least dangerous of our natural enemies, and that your regular heart-breaker is the gentle, smiling, *womanly* woman, who wins her way into the citadel step by step, till she pervades it all, and if she leaves it, leaves desolation and ruin behind her. But of this I am incapable of giving an opinion; all I know is, Valérie grew soft enough as she went on.

"I knew every man of them intimately; not one but had been my father's guest—my poor father, even then fined and imprisoned in Comorn for the manly part he had played. Not one of them but had been at our 'receptions' in the very room from the windows of which I now saw them marching forth to die; and not one but as he passed me lifted his unfettered hand to his head, and saluted me with a courtly smile. Last of all came Adolphe Zersky, my own second cousin, and the poor boy was but nineteen. I bore it all till I saw him; but when he passed under my very eyes, and smiled his usual light-hearted smile, and waived his handkerchief to me, and pressed it to his lips—a handkerchief I had embroidered for him with my own hands—and called out

blithesomely, as though he were going to a wedding, 'Good morning, Comtesse Valérie; I meant to have called to day, but have got a previous engagement,' I thought my heart would break. He looked prouder than any of them; I hardly think he would have been set free if he could. He was a true Hungarian, God bless him!—I heard the shots that struck them down. I often dream I hear them now. They massacred poor Adolphe last of all—he retained his *sang froid* to the end. The Austrian officer on guard was an old schoolfellow, and Adolphe remarked to him with a laugh, just before they led him out, 'I say, Fritz, if they mean to keep us here much longer, they really ought to give us some breakfast!'

"O, Mr. Egerton, it was a cruel time. I had borne the bombardment well enough. I had seen our beautiful town reduced to ruins; and I never winced, for I am the daughter of a Hungarian; but I gave way when they butchered my friends, and wept—O, how I wept! What else could I do? we poor weak women have but our tears to give. Had I *but* been born a man!"

Once more Valérie's eye flashed, and the proud, wild look gleamed over her features; while a vague idea that for some days had pervaded my brain began to assume a certain form, to the effect that Valérie de Rohan was a very beautiful woman, and that it was by no means disagreeable to have such a nurse when one was wounded in body, or such a friend when one was sick at heart. And she treated me as a *real* friend: she reposed perfect confidence in me; she told me of all her plans and pursuits, her romantic ideas, and visionary schemes for the regeneration of her country, for she was a true patriot; lastly, she confessed to a keen admiration for my profession as a soldier, and a tender pity for my wounds. Who would not have such a friend? Who would not follow with his eyes such a nurse, as she glided about his couch?

It is useless to attempt the description of a woman. To say that Valérie had dark,

swimming eyes, and jet-black hair, twisted into a massive crown on her superb head, and round arms and white hands sparkling with jewels, and a graceful, floating figure, shaped like a statue, and dressed a little too coquetishly, is merely to say that she was a commonplace handsome person, but conveys no idea of that subtle essence of beauty—that nameless charm which casts its spell equally over the wisest as the weakest, and which can no more be expressed by words than it can be accounted for by reason. Yet Valérie was a woman who would have found her way straight to the hearts of most men. It seems like a dream to look back to one of those happy days of contented convalescence and languid repose. Every man who has suffered keenly in life must have felt that there is in the human organization an instinctive reaction and resistance against sorrow, a natural tendency to take advantage of any lull in the storm, and a disposition to deceive ourselves into the belief that we are forgetting for the time that which the very effort proves we too bitterly remember. But even this artificial repose has a good effect. It gives us strength to bear future trials, and affords us also time for reflections which, in the excitement of grief, are powerless to arrest us for a moment.

So I lay on the sofa in the drawing-room at Edeldorf, and rested my wounded leg, and shut my eyes to the future, and drew a curtain (alas, what a transparent one it was!) over the past. There was every thing to soothe and charm an invalid. The beautiful room, with its panelled walls and polished floor, inlaid like the costliest marquetry, a perfect mosaic of the forest; the light cane chairs and brocaded ottomans scattered over its surface; the gorgeous cabinets of ebony and gold that filled the spaces between the windows, reflected in long mirrors that ran from floor to ceiling; the gems of Landseer, reproduced by the engraver, sparkling on the walls—for the Hungarian is very English in his tastes, and loves to gaze through the mist at the antlered stag whom Sir Edwin has captured in the corrie, and reproduced in a thousand halls; or to rest with the tired pony and the boy in *sabots* at the halting-place; or to exchange humorous glances with the blacksmith who is shoeing that wondrously-drawn bay horse, foreshortened into nature, till

one longs to pat him;—all this created a beautiful interior, and from all this I could let my eyes wander away, through the half-opened window at the end, over the undulating park, with its picturesque acacias, far, far athwart the rich Hungarian plain, till it crossed the dim line of trees marking the distant Danube, and reached the bold outline of hills beyond the river, melting into the dun vapors of an afternoon sky.

And there was but one object to intercept the view. In the window sat Comtesse Valérie, her graceful head bent over her work, her pretty hands flitting to and fro, so white against the colored embroidery, and her soft glance ever and anon stealing to my couch, while she asked with a foreigner's *empressement* which was very gratifying, though it might mean nothing, whether I had all I wanted, and if my leg pained me, and if I was not wearying for Victor's return from the *chasse*?

"And you were here years ago, when I was almost a baby, and I was away on a visit to my aunt at Pesth. Do you know, I always felt as if we were old friends, even the first day you arrived with Victor, and were lifted out of the carriage, so pale, so suffering! O, how I pitied you! but you are much better now."

"How can I be otherwise," was my unavoidable reply, "with so kind a nurse and such good friends as I find here?"

"And am I *really* useful to you? and do you think that my care *really* makes you better? O! you cannot think how glad I am to know this. I cannot be a soldier myself, and bear arms for my beloved country; but I can be useful to those who have done so, and it makes me so proud and so happy!"

The girl's color rose, and her eyes sparkled and moistened at once.

"But I have not fought for Hungary," I interposed, rather bluntly. I have no claim on your sympathies—scarcely on your pity."

"Do not say so," she exclaimed, warmly. "Setting apart our regard for you as my brother's friend, it is our enemy with whom you have been fighting—our oppressor who has laid you now on a wounded couch, far from your own country and your friends. Do you think I can tolerate a Russian? He is but one degree better than an Austrian!

And I can *hate*—I tell you I can hate to some purpose!”

She looked as if she could. What a strange girl she was!—now so soft and tender, like a gentle ring-dove; anon flashing out into these gleams of fierceness, like a tigress. I was beginning to be a little afraid of her. She seemed to divine my thoughts, for she laughed merrily, and resumed in her usual pleasant voice—

“You do not yet know me, Mr. Egerton. I am a true De Rohan, and we are as strong in our loves as in our hatreds. Beware of either! I warn you,” she added, archly, “we are a dangerous race to friend or foe.”

Was this coquetry, or the mere playful exuberance of a girl's spirits? I began to feel a curious sensation that I had thought I should never feel again—I am not sure that it was altogether unpleasant.

Valérie looked at me for a moment, as if she expected me to say something; then bent her head resolutely down to her frame, and went on in a low, rapid voice:

“We are a strange family, Mr. Egerton, we ‘De Rohans;’ and we are a true type of the country to which we belong. We are proud to be thought real Hungarians—warm-hearted, excitable, impatient, but, above all, earnest and sincere. We are strong, for good and for evil. Our tyrants may break our hearts, but they cannot subdue our spirit. We look forward to the time which *must* come at last. ‘Hope on, hope ever!’ is our motto: a good principle, Mr. Egerton, is it not?”

As I glanced at her excited face and graceful figure, I could not help thinking that there must be many an aspiring Hungarian who would love well to hear such a sentiment of encouragement from such lips, and who would be ready and willing to hope on though the *ever* would be a long word for one of those ardent impulsive natures. She worked on in silence for a few minutes, and resumed.

“You will help us, you English, we all feel convinced. Are you not the champions of liberty all over the world? And you are so like ourselves in your manners and thoughts and principles. Tell me, Mr. Egerton, and do not be afraid to trust me, *is it not true?*”

“Is not *what* true?” I asked, from the

sofa where I lay, apathetic and dejected, a strange contrast to my beautiful companion.

She went to the door, listened, and closed it carefully, then looked out at the open window, and having satisfied herself there was not a soul within ear-shot, she came back close to my couch, and whispered, “An English prince on the throne of Hungary, our constitution and our parliaments once more, and, above all, deliverance from the iron yoke of Austria, which is crushing us down to the very earth!”

“I have never heard of it,” said I, with difficulty suppressing a smile at the visionary scheme, which must have had its origin in some brain heated and enthusiastic as that of my beautiful companion; “nor do I think, if that is all you have to look to, that there is much hope for Hungary.”

She frowned angrily.

“Oh!” she answered, “you are cautious, Mr. Egerton: you will not trust me, I can see—but you might do so with safety. We are all ‘*right-thinkers*’ here. Though they swarm throughout the land, I do not believe a Government spy has ever yet set foot within the walls of Edeldorf; but I tell you, if *you* will not help us, we are lost. You laugh to see a girl like me interest herself so warmly about politics, but with us it is a question of life and death. Women, as well as men, have all to gain or all to lose. I repeat, if you do not help us we have nothing left, to hope for. Russia will take our part, and we shall fall open-eyed into the trap. Why, even as enemies, they succeeded in ingratiating themselves with the inhabitants of a conquered country. Yes, Hungary was a *conquered country*, and the soldiers of the Czar were our masters. They respected our feelings, they spared our property, they treated us with courtesy and consideration, and they lavished gold with both hands, which was supplied to them by their own Government for the purpose. It is easy to foresee the result. The next Russian army that crosses the frontier will march in as deliverers, and Austria *must* give way. They are generous in promises, and unequalled in diplomacy. They will flatter our nobles, and give us back our constitution; nay, for a time we shall enjoy more of the outward symbols of freedom than have ever yet fallen to our lot. And, *merely* as a compliment, *merely* as a matter of form, a Russian Grand-

Duke will occupy the palace at Pesth, and assume the crown of St. Stephen simply as the guardian of our liberties and our rights. Then will be told once more the well-known tale of Russian intrigue and Russian pertinacity. A pretence of fusion and a system of favoritism will gradually sap our nationality and destroy our patriotism, and in two generations it will be Poland over again. Well, even that would be better than what we have to endure now."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, somewhat astonished to find my companion so inveterate a *hater*, notwithstanding that she had warned me of this amiable eccentricity in her character,—"do you mean to say that, with all your German habits and prejudices, nay, with German as your very mother-tongue, you would prefer the yoke of the Czar to that of the Kaiser?"

She held herself up, and her voice quite trembled with anger as she replied,

"The Russians do not beat women. Listen, Mr. Egerton, and then wonder if you can at my bitter hatred of the Austrian yoke. She was my own aunt, my dear mother's only sister. I was sitting with her when she was arrested. We were at supper with a small party of relations and friends. For the moment we had forgotten our danger and our sorrows and the troubles of our unhappy country. She had been singing, and was actually seated at the pianoforte when an Austrian Major of Dragoons was announced. I will do him the justice to say that he was a gentleman, and performed his odious mission kindly and courteously enough. At first she thought there was some bad news of her husband, and she turned deadly pale; but when the officer stammered out that his business was with *her*, and that it was his duty to arrest her upon a charge of treason, the color came back to her cheek, and she never looked more stately than when she placed her hand in his, with a graceful bow, and told him, as he led her away, that 'she was proud to be thought worthy of suffering for her country.' They took her off to prison that night; and it was not without much difficulty and no little bribery that we were permitted to furnish her with a few of those luxuries that to a lady are almost the necessities of life. We little knew what was coming. Oh! Mr. Egerton, it makes my blood boil to think of it. Again, I say, were I only a *man*!"

Valérie covered her face with her hands for a few seconds ere she resumed her tale. Speaking in the cold measured tones of one who forces the tongue to utter calmly and distinctly that which is maddening and tearing at the heart.

"We punish our soldiers by making them run the gauntlet between their comrades, Mr. Egerton, and the process is sufficiently brutal to be a favorite mode of enforcing discipline in the Austrian army. Two hundred troopers form a double line, at arm's-length distance apart, and each man is supplied with a stout cudgel, which he is ordered to wield without mercy. The victim walks slowly down between the lines, stripped to the waist, and at the pace of an ordinary march. I need hardly say that ere the unfortunate reaches the most distant files he is indeed a ghastly object. I tell you, this high-born lady, one of the proudest women in Hungary, was brought out to suffer that degrading punishment—to be beaten like a hound. They had the grace to leave her a shawl to cover her shoulders; and with her head erect and her arms folded on her bosom she stepped nobly down the tyrant's ranks. The first two men refused to strike; they were *men*, Mr. Egerton, and they preferred certain punishment to the participation in such an act. They were made examples of forthwith. The other troopers obeyed their orders, and she reached the goal bleeding, bruised, and mangled—she, that beautiful woman, a wife and a mother. Ah! you may grind your teeth, my friend, and your dog there under the sofa may growl, but it is true, I tell you, *true*. I saw her myself when she returned to prison, and she still walked, so nobly, so proudly, like a Hungarian, even then. Think of our feelings and of those of her own children; think of her husband's. Mr. Egerton, what would you have done had you been that woman's husband?"

"Done!" I exclaimed furiously, for my blood boiled at the bare recital of such brutality, "I would have shot the Marshal through the heart, wheresoever I met him, were it at the very altar of a church."

Valérie's pale face gleamed with delight at my violence.

"You say well," she exclaimed, clasping her hands together convulsively; "you say well. Woman as I am I would have dipped

my hands in his blood. But no, no, revenge is not for slaves like us; we must suffer and be still. Hopeless of redress and unable to survive such dishonor, her husband blew his brains out. What would you have? it was but a victim the more. But it is not forgotten—no, it is not forgotten, and the Marshal lives in the hearts of our Hungarian soldiers, the object of an undying, unrelenting hatred. I will tell you an instance that occurred but the other day. Two Hungarian riflemen, scarcely more than boys, on furlough from the army of Italy, were passing through the town where he resides. Weary, footsore, and hungry, they had not wherewithal to purchase a morsel of food. The Kaiser does not overpay his army, and allows his uniform to cover the man who begs his bread along the road. An old officer with long mustaches saw these two lads eyeing wistfully the hot joints steaming in the windows of a *café*.

“My lads,” he said, “you are tired and hungry, why do you not go in and dine?”

“Excellency,” they replied, “we come from the army of Italy; we have marched all the way on foot; we have spent our pittance, and we are starving.”

“He gave them a few florins and bid them make merry; he could not see a soldier want, he said, for he was a soldier too. The young men stepped joyfully into the *café*, and summoned the waiter forthwith.

“Do you know,” said he, “to whom you have just had the honor of speaking? that venerable old man is Marshal Haynau.”

“The two soldiers rushed from the room, ere the Marshal had reached the end of the

street they had overtaken him; they cast his money at his feet, and departed from him with a curse that may have been heard in Heaven, but was happily inaudible at the nearest barrack. So is it with us all; those two soldiers had but heard of his cruelty, whilst I, I had stood by and seen her wounds dressed after her punishment. Judge if I do not love him! But, alas! I am but a woman, a poor, weak woman! what can I do?”

As she spoke, we heard Victor's step approaching across the lawn, and Valérie was once more the graceful, high-born lady, with her assured carriage and careless smile. As she took up her embroidery and greeted her brother playfully, with an air from the last new opera, hummed in the richest, sweetest voice, who would have guessed at the volcano of passions concealed beneath that calm and almost frivolous exterior. Are women possessed of a double existence, that they can thus change on the instant from a betrayal of the deepest feelings to a display of apparently utter heartlessness? or are they only accomplished hypocrites, gifted with no *real* character at all, and putting on joy or sorrow, smiles or tears, just as they change their dresses or alter the trimmings of their bonnets, merely for effect? I was beginning to study them now in the person of Valérie, and to draw comparisons between that lady and my own ideal. It is a dangerous occupation, particularly for a wounded man; and one better indeed for all of us, in sickness or in health, let alone.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—FOREWARNED.

It was a pleasant life that we led in the fine old castle at Edeldorf. Victor was always an enthusiast in field sports, and since his return from the war he devoted himself to the pursuit of wild animals more assiduously than ever. This was no less a measure of prudence than of inclination on the part of my friend. An inveterate Nimrod seldom busies himself much with politics, and as the antecedents of the De Rohans had somewhat compromised that patriotic family in the eyes of the Government, its present representative was looked on less unfavorably in the character of a young thoughtless sportsman, than he would have been as a disaffected man brooding in solitude, and

reserving his energies for more dangerous occupations.

Moreover, to one who loved the fresh breath of morning and the crack of the rifle, Edeldorf was a perfect paradise. Within a ride of two hours its hills furnished many a pair of antlers for the castle-hall, and the wild-boar whetted his tusks upon the stem of many a fine old forest tree in its deep woodlands. An occasional wolf and a possible bear or two enhanced the interest of the chase; and when the Count quitted his home at early morning, belted and equipped for his work, he could promise himself a day of as varied enjoyment as the keenest sportsman could desire.

I was getting rapidly better, but still unable to accompany my friend on these active expeditions. I am not sure that I longed very eagerly to participate in their delights. As I got stronger, I think I felt less inclined to break my habits of convalescence and helplessness—a helplessness that made me very dependent on Valérie de Rohan.

I was awaking from a pleasant dream of evening skies and perfumed orange-groves and soft music, with a dim vision of floating hair and muslin dresses, when Victor, with a lighted candle in his hand, entered my apartment—a habit he had acquired in boyhood, and which he continued through life—to bid me “Good-morning,” and favor me with his anticipations of his day’s amusement.

“I wish you were well enough to come with me, Vere,” said he, as he peered out into the dark morning, not yet streaked with the faintest vestige of dawn. “There is nothing like shooting, after all; war is a mistake Vere, and an uncomfortable process into the bargain; but shooting, I find, gives one quite as much excitement, and has the advantage of being compatible with a comfortable dwelling and plenty to eat every day. I have changed my note, Vere, and I say *Vive la chasse!* now.”

“Did you wake me to tell me that?” I yawned out, as I warded the light of the candle from my sleepy eyes, “or do you wish me to get out of my warm bed this cold morning and hold a discussion with you on the comparative attraction of shooting men and beasts? The former is perhaps the more exciting, but the latter the more innocent.”

Victor laughed. “You lazy, cold Engländer!” he replied; “I woke you as I always do when I anticipate a pleasant day, that I may tell you all I expect to do. In the first place I shall have a delightful ride up to the hills; I wish you could accompany me. A cigar before dawn, after a cup of coffee, is worth all the smoking of the rest of the twenty-four hours put together. I shall gallop the whole way, and a gallop counts for something in a day’s happiness. Confess that, at least, you cold, unimpassioned mortal.”

I pointed to my wounded leg, and smiled.

“O! you will soon be able to get on horseback, and then we two must scamper about across the country once more, as we used to do when we were boys,” resumed Victor; “in the mean time, Valérie will take care of you, and you must get well as quick as you can. What a charming ride it is up to the hills: I shall get there in two hours at the outside, for Caspar goes like the wind; then to-day we mean to beat the woods at the farthest extremity of the Waldenberg, where my poor father shot the famous straight-horned stag years and years ago. There are several wild-boar in the ravine at the bottom, and it was only the season before last that Vocqsal shot a bear within twenty yards of the waterfall.”

“By the bye,” I interrupted him, “are bears and boars and red-deer the only game you have in view? or are there not other attractions as fascinating as shooting, in the direction of Waldenberg?”

It was a random shaft, but it hit the mark; Victor positively blushed, and I could not help thinking as I watched him, what a handsome fellow he was. A finer specimen of manly beauty you would hardly wish to see than the young Count de Rohan, as he stood there in his green shooting-dress, with his powder-horn slung across his shoulder, and his hunting-knife at his waist. Victor was now in the full glow of youthful manhood, tall, active, and muscular, with a symmetry of frame that, while it was eminently graceful, qualified him admirably for all athletic exercises, and a bearing that can best be described by the emphatic term “high-bred.” There was a woman’s beauty in his soft blue eyes and silky hair of the richest brown, but his marked features, straight, determined eyebrows, and dark, heavy mustaches, redeemed the countenance, notwithstanding its bright winning expression, from the charge of effeminacy. Perhaps, after all, the greatest charm about him was his air of complete enjoyment and utter forgetfulness of self. Every thought of his mind seemed to pass across his handsome face; and to judge by appearances, the thoughts were of the pleasantest description, and now he absolutely blushed as he hurried on without taking any notice of my remark—

“If I can bring Valérie back a bear-skin for her sledge, I shall be quite satisfied; and

I will tell you all about my *chasse* and my day's adventures, over a cigar when I return. Mean time, my dear fellow, take care of yourself, order all my carriages and horses, if they are of the slightest use to you, and farewell, or rather *au revoir*."

I heard him humming his favorite waltz as he strode along the gallery (by the way, the very Ghost's gallery of our childish adventure), and in another minute his horse's hoofs were clattering away at a gallop into the darkness. Whilst I turned round in bed with a weary yawn, and after patting Bold's head—a compliment which that faithful animal returned by a low growl, for the old dog though stanch and true as ever, was getting very savage now,—I composed myself to cheat a few more hours of convalescence in sleep. What a contrast to my friend! Weary, wounded, and disappointed, I seemed to have lived my life out, and to have nothing more now to hope or to fear. I had failed in ambition, I had made shipwreck in love. I was gray and old in heart, though as yet young in years; whilst Victor, at the same age as myself, had all his future before him, glowing with the sunshine of good health, good spirits, and prosperity. Let us follow the child of fortune as he gallops over the plain, the cool breath of morning fanning his brow and lifting his clustering hair.

To a man who is fond of riding—and what Hungarian is not?—there is no country so fascinating as his own native plains, where he can gallop on mile after mile, hour after hour, over a flat surface, unbroken even by a molehill, and on a light sandy soil, just so soft as to afford his horse a pleasant, easy footing, but not deep enough to distress him. Although I could never myself appreciate the ecstatic pleasures of a gallop, or comprehend why there should be a charm about a horse that is not possessed by the cow, the giraffe, the hippopotamus, or any other animal of the larger order of mammalia, I am not so prejudiced as to be unaware that in this respect I am an exception to the general run of my countrymen. Nay, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there are men whose whole thoughts and wishes centre themselves in this distinguished quadruped; who grudge not to ruin their wives and families for his society; and who, like the Roman emperor, make the Horse

the very high-priest of their domestic hearth. To such I would recommend a gallop on a hard-puller over the plains of Hungary. Let him go! There is nothing to stop him for forty miles; and if you cannot bring him to reason in about a minute and a half, you must for ever forfeit your claim to be enrolled amongst the worshipful company of Hippodami to which it seems the noblest ambition of aspiring youth to belong. A deacon of the craft was my friend Victor; and I really believe he enjoyed a pleasure totally unknown to the walking biped, as he urged Caspar along at speed, his fine figure swaying and yielding to every motion of the horse, with a pliancy that, we are informed by those who pique themselves on such matters, can only be acquired by long years of practice superinduced on a natural, or as they would term it, "heaven-born," aptitude to excel in the godlike art.

So Victor galloped on like Mazeppa, till the dawn "had dappled into day;" and save to light a fresh cigar, gave Casper no breathing-time till the sun was above the horizon, and the dew-drops on the acacias glittered like diamonds in the morning light. As he quitted the plains at last, and dropped his rein on his horse's neck, while he walked him slowly up the stony road that led to the Waldenberg, he caught sight of a female figure almost in the shadow of the wood, the flutter of whose dress seemed to communicate a corresponding tremor to Victor's heart. The healthy glow paled on his cheek, and his pulses beat fitfully as he urged poor Casper once more into a gallop against the hill, none the less energetically that for nearly a mile a turn in the road hid the object of interest from his sight. What a crowd of thoughts, hopes, doubts, and fears passed through his mind during that long mile of uncertainty, which, had they resolved themselves into words, would have taken the following form: "Can she have really come here too meet me, after all? Who else would be on the Waldenberg at this early hour? What can have happened?—is it possible that she has walked all this way on purpose to see me alone, if only for five minutes, before our *chasse* begins? Then she loves me, after all!—and yet she told me herself she was so volatile, so capricious. No, it is impossible!—she wont risk so much for me. And yet it is—it must be! It is

just her figure, her walk,—how well I know them. I have mistrusted, I have misjudged her; she is, after all, true, loving, and devoted. O! I will make her such amends." Alas! poor Victor; the lady to whom you are vowing so deep a fidelity—to whom you are so happy to think you owe so much for her presence on the wild Waldenberg—is at this moment drinking chocolate in a comfortable dressing-room by a warm stove at least ten miles off; and though you might, and doubtless would, think her extremely lovely in that snowy *robe de chambre*, with its cherry-colored ribbons, I question whether you would approve of the utter indifference which her countenance displays to all sub-lunary things, yourself included, with the exception of that very dubious French novel on her knee, which she is perusing or rather devouring with more than masculine avidity. Better draw rein at once, and ride back to Edeldorf, for one hundred yards more will undeceive you at the turn round that old oak-tree; and it is no wonder that you pull up in utter discomfiture, and exclaim aloud in your own Hungarian, and in tones of bitter disgust—"Psha! it's only a Zingynie, after all."

"Only a Zingynie, Count de Rohan!" replied a dark, majestic old woman, with a frown on her fine countenance and a flash in her dark eye, as she placed herself across the road and confronted the astonished horseman; "only your father's friend and your own; only an interpreter of futurity, who has come to warn you ere it be too late. Turn back, Victor de Rohan, to your own halls at Edeldorf. I have read your horoscope, and it is not good for you to go on."

Victor had by this time recovered his good humor; he forced a few florins into the woman's unwilling hand. "Promise me a good day's sport, mother!" he said, laughingly, "and let me go. I ought to be there already."

"Turn back, my child, turn back," said the gipsy; "I will save you if I can. Do you know that there is danger for you on the Waldendorf? Do you know that I—I, who have held you in my arms when you were a baby, have walked a-foot all the way from the Banat on purpose to warn you? Do you think I know not why you ride here day after day, that you may shoot God's wild animals with that bad old man? Is it

purely for love of sport, Victor de Rohan? Answer me that."

He waxed impatient, and drew his rein rudely from the woman's grasp.

"Give your advice when it is asked, mother," said he, "and do not delay me any longer. If you want food and shelter, go down to Edeldorf. I can waste no more time with a chattering old woman here."

She was furious; she flung the money he had given her down beneath his horse's feet. Tears rose to her eyes, and her hand shook with passion as she pointed with outstretched arm in the direction of the Waldenberg.

"Ay, go on," said she, "go on, and neglect the gipsy's warning till it is too late. O! you are a nobleman and a soldier, and you know best; a man of honor, too, and you will go *there*. Listen to me, once for all, Victor de Rohan, for I loved you as a baby, and I would save you even now, if I could. I slept by the waters of the Danube, and I saw in a vision the child I had fondled in my arms full-grown and handsome, and arrived at man's estate. He was dressed as you are now, with powder-horn and hunting-knife slung over his broad shoulders, and the rifle that he set such store by, was in his hand. He spoke kindly and smilingly as as was his wont, not angrily as you did now. He was mounted on a good horse, and I was proud to watch him ride gallantly away with St. Hubert's blessing and my own. Again I saw him, but this time not alone. There was a fair and lovely woman by his side, dressed in white, and he hung his head, and walked listlessly and slowly, as though his limbs were fettered and he was sore and sick at heart. I could not bear to think the boy I had loved was no longer free; and when he turned his face towards me it was pale and sorrowful, and there was suffering on his brow. Then my dream changed, and I saw the Waldenberg, with its rugged peaks and its waving woods, and the roar of the waterfall sounded strange and ominous in my ears; and there were clouds gathering in the sky, and the eagle screamed as he swept by on the blast, and the rain plashed down in large heavy drops, and every drop seemed to fall chill upon my heart. Then I sat me down, weary and sorrowful, and I heard the measured tread of men, and four noble-looking foresters passed by me, bearing a body covered with a cloak upon their

shoulders, and one said to the other. 'Alas, for our master! is it not St. Hubert's day?' But a corner of the cloak fell from the face of him they carried, and I knew the pale features, damp with death, and the rich brown hair falling limp across the brow—it was the corpse of him whom I had loved as a baby and watched over as a man, and I groaned in my misery and awoke. O, my boy, my young handsome De Rohan, turn, then, back from the Waldenberg, for the old Zingynie's sake."

"Nonsense, mother," replied Victor, impatiently; "St. Hubert's day is past; I cannot help your bad dreams, or stay here to prate about them all day. Farewell!

and let me go." He turned his horse's head from her as he spoke, and went off at a gallop.

The old gipsy woman looked after him long and wistfully, as the clatter of his horse's hoofs died away on the stony causeway; she sat down by the road-side, buried her face in her cloak, and wept bitterly and passionately; then she rose, picked up the money that lay neglected on the ground, and took her way down the hill, walking slow and dejected, like one who is hopelessly and grievously disappointed, and ever and anon muttering to herself, in words that seemed to form something between a curse and a prayer.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—"ARCADES AMBO."

PRINCE VOCQSAL possessed a delightful shooting-box in the immediate vicinity of the Waldenberg; and as a portion of those magnificent woodlands was on his property, he and the De Rohans, father and son, had long established a joint guardianship and right of sporting over that far-famed locality. Perhaps what the Prince called a shooting-box, an Englishman's less magnificent notions would have caused him to term a country-house; for the "chalet," as Madame la Princesse delighted to name it, was a roomy, commodious dwelling with all the appliances of a comfortable mansion, furnished in the most exquisite taste. She herself had never been induced to visit it till within the last few weeks—a circumstance which had not seemed to diminish its attractions in the eyes of the Prince; now, however, a suite of apartments was fitted up expressly for "Madame," and this return to primitive tastes and rural pleasures on the part of that fastidious lady was hailed by her domestics with astonishment, and by her husband with a good-humored and ludicrous expression of dismay. To account for the change in Madame's habits, we must follow Victor on his solitary ride, the pace of which was once more reduced to a walk as soon as he was beyond the gipsy's ken. Who does not know the nervous anxiety with which we have all of us sometimes hurried over the beginning of a journey, only to dawdle out its termination, in absolute dread of the very moment which yet we long for so painfully.

Now, it was strange that so keen a sports-

man as Victor, one, moreover, whose ear was as practised as his eye was quick, should have been deceived in the direction from which he heard the reports of at least half-a-dozen shots, that could only have been fired from the gun of his friend the Prince, whom he had promised faithfully to meet that morning, at a certain well-known pass on the Waldenberg. It was strange that instead of riding at once towards the spot where he must have seen the smoke from a gun actually curling up amongst the trees, he should have cantered off in an exactly opposite direction, and never drawn rein till he arrived at the gate of a white house surrounded by acacias, at least five miles from the familiar and appointed trysting-place, and in a part of the Waldenberg by no means the best stocked with game.

It was strange, too, that he should have thought it necessary to inform the grim Hussar who opened the door, how he had unaccountably missed the Prince in the forest, and had ridden all this distance out of his way to inquire about him, and should have asked that military-looking individual in a casual manner whether it was probable Madame la Princesse could put him in the right way of finding his companion, so as not to lose his day's sport. It might have occurred to the Hussar, if not too much taken up with his mustaches, that the simplest method for so intimate a friend, would have been to have asked at once if "Madame was at home," and then gone in and prosecuted his inquiries in person. If a shrewd Hussar, too, he may have bethought him

that the human biped is something akin to the ostrich, and is persuaded, like that foolish bird, that if he can only hide his head no one can detect his great long legs. Be this how it may, the official never moved a muscle of his countenance, and in about half a minute Victor found himself, he did not exactly know how, alone with "Madame" in her boudoir.

She gave him her hand with one of those sunny smiles that used to go straight to the Hungarian's heart. Madame was never demonstrative; although her companion would joyfully have cast himself at her feet and worshipped her, she wilfully ignored his devotion; and while she knew from his own lips that he was her lover, nor had the slightest objection to the avowal, she persisted in treating him as a commonplace friend. It was part of her system, and it seemed to answer. Princesses Vocqsal's lovers were always wilder about her than those of any other dame half her age and possessed of thrice her beauty. She had the knack of managing that strange compound of vanity, recklessness, and warm affections which constitutes a man's heart; and she took a great delight in playing on an instrument of which she had sounded all the chords and evoked all the tones till she knew it thoroughly, and undervalued it accordingly.

Victor had very little to say: he who was generally so gay and unabashed and agreeable. His color went and came, and his hand positively shook as he took hers—so cold and soft and steady—and carried it to his lips.

"What, lost again in the Waldenberg?" said she with a laugh, "and within five leagues of Edeldorf. Count de Rohan, you are really not fit to be trusted by yourself; we must get some one to take care of you."

Victor looked reproachfully at her.

"Rose," he stammered, "you laugh at me; you despise me. Again I have succeeded in seeing you without creating suspicion and remark; but I have had to do that which is foreign to my nature, and you know not what it costs me. I have had to act, if not to speak, a lie. I was to have met the Prince at the waterfall, and I wilfully missed him that I might come down here to inquire which way he had gone; I felt like a coward before the eye of the very

servant who opened your door; and all to look on you for five minutes—to carry back with me the tones of your beloved voice, and live upon them for weeks in my dreary home, till I can see you again. Rose! Rose! you little know how I adore you."

"But I cannot pity you in this instance, Mons. le Comte," replied the lady; "I cannot, indeed. Here you are, in my comfortable boudoir, with a warm stove, and a polished floor, and your choice of every arm-chair and sofa in the room, instead of stamping about on that bleak and dreary Waldenberg, with your hands cold and your feet wet, and a heavy rifle to carry, and in all probability nothing to shoot. Besides, sir, does my company count for nothing, instead of that of *Monsieur le Prince*? It may be bad taste, but I confess that, myself, I very much prefer my own society to his." And the Princess laughed her cheerful ringing laugh, that seemed to come straight from the heart.

Victor sighed; "you will never be serious, Rose, for a minute together."

"Serious!" she replied, "no! why should I? Have I not cause to be merry? I own I might have felt *triste* and cross to-day if I had been disappointed; but you are come, *mon cher Comte*, and everything is *couleur de rose*."

This was encouraging; and Victor opened the siege once more. He loved her with all the enthusiasm and ardor of his warm Hungarian heart. Wilfully shutting his eyes to ruin, misery, and crime, he urged her to be his—to fly with him—to leave all for his sake. He vowed to devote himself to her alone. He swore he would obey her lightest word, and move heaven and earth to fulfil her faintest wish for the rest of his life, would she but confide her happiness to him. He was mad—he was miserable without her; life was not worth having unless gilded by her smiles; he would fly his country if she did not consent: he would hate her, he would never see her more, and a great deal to the same purpose, the outpouring of an eager, generous nature warped by circumstances to evil: but in vain; the lady was immovable; she knew too well the value of her position to sacrifice it for so empty an illusion as love. Prudence, with the Princess, stood instead of principle; and prudence whispered "keep all you have got,

there is no need to sacrifice anything. You have all the advantage, take care to retain it. He may break his chains to-day, but he will come back voluntarily and put them on again to-morrow; it is more blessed to receive than to give." Such was the Princess' reasoning, and she remained firm and cold as a rock. At last his temper gave way, and he reproached her bitterly and ungenerously.

"You do not love me," he said; "cold, false, and heartless, you have sacrificed me to your vanity; but you shall not enjoy your triumph long; from henceforth I renounce you and your favor—from this day I will never set eyes on you again. Rose! for the last time I call you by that dear name; Rose! for the last time, Farewell!"

She tried the old conquering glance once more, but it failed. She even pressed his hand, and bade him wait and see the Prince on his return, but in vain. For the time her power was gone. With lips compressed, and face as white as ashes, Victor strode from the room. In less than five minutes he was mounted, and galloping furiously off in the direction of Edeldorf.

Princess Vocqsal was a sad coquette, but she was a woman after all. She went to the window, and gazed wistfully after the horseman's figure as it disappeared amongst the acacias.

"Alas!" she thought, "poor Victor, it is too late now! So gallant, so loving, and so devoted. Ten years ago I had a heart to give, and you should have had it then, wholly and unreservedly; but now—what am I now? O that I could but be as I was then! Too late! too late!"

Her *femme-de chambre* attributed madame's *migraine* entirely to the weather and the dullness of the country, so different from Paris, or even Vienna; for that domestic at once perceived her mistress' eyes were red with weeping, when she went to dress. But sal volatile and rouge, judiciously applied, can work wonders. The Princess never looked more brilliant than when she descended to dinner, and she sat up and finished her French novel that night before she went to bed.

Victor must have been half-way home when, leaning on his sister's arm, I crept out into the garden to enjoy an hour of fresh air and sunshine in the company of my sedulous nurse and charming companion. Valérie

and I had spent the morning together, and it had passed like a dream. She had made my breakfast, which she insisted on giving me in truly British fashion, and poured out my tea herself, as she laughingly observed, "*comme une meess Anglaise*." She had played me her wild Hungarian airs on the pianoforte, and sung me her plaintive national songs, with sweetness and good humor. She had even taught me a new and intricate stitch in her embroidery, and bent my stubborn fingers to the task with her own pretty hands; and now, untiring in her care and kindness, she was ready to walk out with me in the garden, and wait upon all my whims and fancies as a nurse does for a sick child. I could walk at last with no pain, and but little difficulty. Had I not been so well taken care of, I think I should have declared myself quite recovered; but when you have a fair round arm to guide your steps, and a pair of soft eyes to look thrillingly into yours—as day after day a gentle voice entreats you not to hurry your convalescence, and "attempt to do too much," it is a great temptation to put off as long as possible the evil hour when you must declare yourself quite sound again, and begun once more to walk alone.

So Valérie and I paced up and down the garden, and drank in new life at every pore in the glad sunshine and the soft balmy air.

It was one of those days which summer seems to have forgotten, and which we so gladly welcome when we find it at the close of autumn. A warm, mellow sunshine brightened the landscape, melting in the distance into that golden haze which is so peculiarly the charm of this time of year: while the fleecy clouds, that seemed to stand still against the clear sky, enhanced the depth and purity of that wondrous, matchless blue. Not a breath stirred the rich yellow leaves dying in masses on the trees; and the last rose of the garden, though in all the bloom of maturity, had shed her first petal, and paid her first tribute to decay. Valérie plucked it and gave it to me, with a smile, as we sat down upon a low garden seat at one extremity of the walk. I thanked her, and, I knew not why, put it to my lips before I transferred it to the button-hole of my coat. There was a silence of several minutes.

I broke it at last by remarking "that I

should soon be well now, and must ere long bid adieu to Edeldorf."

She started as though I had interrupted a train of pleasant thoughts, and answered, with some commonplace expression of regret and hope, that "I would not hurry myself;" but I thought her voice was more constrained than usual, and she turned her head away as she spoke.

"Valérie," I said—and this was the first time I had ever called her by her Christian name—"it is no use disguising from oneself an unpleasant truth: my duty, my character, everything bids me leave my happy life here as soon as I am well enough. You may imagine how much I shall regret it, but you cannot imagine how grateful I feel for all your kindness to me. Had you been my sister, you could not have indulged me more. It is not my nature to express half I feel, but believe me, that wherever I go, at any distance of time or place, the brightest jewel in my memory will be the name of the Comtesse de Rohan."

"You called me Valérie, just now," said she, quickly.

"Well, of Valérie, then," I replied.

"Your brother is the oldest friend I have—older even than poor Bold." That sagacious dog had lain down at our feet, and was looking from one to the other with a ludicrous expression of wistful gravity, as if he could not make it all out. Why should he have reminded me at that instant so painfully of the glorious struggle for life and death in Beverley mere? That face! that face! would it *never* cease to haunt me with its sweet, sad smile? "Yes Valérie," I proceeded, "that he should have received me as a brother is only what I expected, but your unwearying

kindness overpowers me. Believe me, I feel it very deeply, and I shall leave you, oh! with such regret!"

"And we too shall regret you very much," answered Valérie, with flushed cheeks, and not very steady tones. "But can you not stay a little longer? your health is hardly re-established, though your wound is healed, and—and—it will be very lonely when you are gone."

"Not for you," I replied; "not for the young Comtesse de Rohan (well, Valérie, then), admired and sought after by all. Beautiful and distinguished, go where you will, you are sure to command homage and affection. No, it is all the other way, I shall be lonely, if you like."

"O, but men are so different," said she, with a glance from under those long dark eyelashes. "Wherever they go they find so much to interest, so much to occupy them, so much to do, so many to love."

"Not in my case," I answered, rather pursuing my own train of thoughts than in reply to my companion. "Look at the difference between us. You have your home, your brother, your friends, your dependents, all who can appreciate and return your affection; whilst I, I have nothing in the world but my horses and my sword."

She looked straight into my face, a cloud seemed to pass over her features, and she burst into tears. In another moment she was sobbing on my breast as if her heart would break.

A horse's hoofs were heard clattering in the stable-yard, and as Victor, pale and excited, strode up the garden, Valérie rushed swiftly into the house.

EARLY AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.—In the *Boston Gazette* or *Weekly Advertiser*, May 22, 1753, there is the following notice:

"Philadelphia, May 10.—We hear that the schooner Argo, Capt. Swaine, who was fitted out from this port by a number of Merchants of this and the neighboring Provinces, and sailed hence on the 4th of March last for Hudson's Bay, on the Discovery of the North-west Pas-

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sage, having touched at the Hiannas, near Cape Cod, and at Portsmouth in New England, to take in her Complement of Hands, and some particular Necessaries, took her departure from the latter place on the 15th of April, all well on board, and in high spirits."

Mr. Merian (a good authority) understood that Dr. Franklin was the originator of this Provincial Arctic Expedition. What is known of its result?—*Notes and Queries.*

From Household Words.

### MY GHOSTS.

"I do not believe in ghosts, because I have never seen one," said somebody to a philosopher; who replied, "And I do not believe in ghosts, because I have seen too many of them." As for myself, I believe in ghosts. I believe in ghosts, because I am constantly seeing and continually making them. If you will not tell anybody, I may confide my secret to you (a secret which, perchance, you may find one day worth more than all the nuggets of Australia), and tell you how I became a ghost-seer and a ghost-maker.

I am a haunted man, descended from haunted mothers. Physiology may say what it pleases, but the nurses are the mothers of the boys, far more truly than the boys are the fathers of the men. When I was a heavy lump of an infant, I had once a nursing-mother who climbed up with me in her arms upon the scaffold of a house in course of construction. Of course, as I was a heavy lump, she set me down on the scaffold to rest herself after the fatigue I had occasioned her by my weight. Very naturally, too, as he was interesting to her and I was not, she gave to the young stonemason who had asked her up, her undivided attention. Inevitably, also, by the truly infantile law of gravitation towards mischief, I toppled over and fell from the level of a first-floor down upon granite stones. This innocent young damsel was, I suspect, the mother of at least half a score of broken bones in my body. Moreover, I may genealogically trace to her the peculiarities inseparable from a nervous system, some of the cases of which have been fractured and several of its cords crushed and torn. The whole affair is explained satisfactorily by the nursery aphorism, "Brats are never out of mischief."

The mother of my broken bones was the cause of my passing into the hands of the mother of my ghost-haunted mind. I passed many months of my infant life in the large garret of my father's house which was called the nursery, with a nurse whose sleep I disturbed in the night by my performances in the character of the squalling brat. Having such an early turn for theatricals, I was an infant Roscius in the part. The authorities, who knew much better than I, decided that I screamed for nothing at all. Determined

to secure her needful rest at all hazards, my ghostly mother frightened me into silence by conjuring up ghosts from the darkest nooks of the night and the wildest glances of the moon. My ghostly mother kept her place a long time, because she managed me so cleverly. Trying unconsciously, perhaps, to cure like by like, long before any fuss had been made about the principle, she told me frightful stories to cure frightful sufferings, and successfully soothed or silenced fits of agony by deliriums of fear.

The ghostly inheritance abides with me, and I know I am not the only possessor of similar heritages. When naturalists enumerate the vegetal and animal existences which follow man everywhere, they omit ghosts. Yet ghosts and sparrows follow men everywhere. The older individuals and communities grow, the more do they become haunted by their ghostly parasites—the comers-back, the beings seen, the spectres. The proverb says there is a skeleton in every house, and I fear there are ghosts in every mind.

Delusions, illusions, and hallucinations, are stages on the road to insanity, monomania, mania, lunacy, imbecility, and idiocy. I may usefully indicate how far I was driven along this road by the artful energy and nightly labors of my ghostly mother. Delusions are produced by the passions which enlure the faculties whose business it is to guide the mind to truth. My sensations and my judgment were perverted by fear. Illusions are errors of the senses which the mind corrects. When we are first seated in a railway carriage, and it begins to move on, the houses, banks, fields, cattle, trees, seem to be flying away, by an illusion of the sense of sight. An illusion is a perversion of the perceptive faculties to the extent of deceiving one of the senses. When the perversion extends to the brain, the mind, the perceptive faculty, the perversion is hallucination. When I was taught to see in the dark the forms of wild beasts, of tigers, alligators, and serpents ready to devour me—of black men and child-stealers coming to take me—and of aerial forms in white sheets with corpse-like faces inviting me to the grave; my eyes, my faculties, my brain and mind, were trained to serve me falsely and supply me with hallucination. The mother who broke my bones was succeeded by a mother who fractured my mind. Under the sway

of hallucination, the sufferer may hear voices pursuing him, calling him, and threatening him, while he is as deaf as a stone. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer when he is melancholy sees dreadful scenes, and when he is gay is enraptured with beautiful objects, and all the while is stone blind.

Hallucination is like a waking dream. "A dream," says Voltaire, "is a passing madness." Esquirol says, "The hallucinated dream awake." M. Flourens says, "The wisest man is mad in a dream."

Dreaming is not hallucination, and hallucination is not dreaming, but there are obvious resemblances between them. In dreaming, the brain is neither quite awake nor quite asleep. The mind is a wizard chamber of dissolving views. In dreams, the picturing power of the mind is active, whilst the attention, the judgment, and the will are dormant. In dreams, the pictures pass of themselves, the dissolving views roll on, the images of the imagination shine and mingle uncorrected by the sensations and uncontrolled by the will. All the pictures apparently come and go incoherently. The recollections of dreams are confused and chaotic, but the recollections are not the dreams. The incoherence is not real. Proof of this fact is to be found in the observation that there is a similar incoherence in the recollections of the successive pictures of the waking mind, when the images of the chamber of imagery are neither dominated by the will nor observed with attention. There is always a relation to the order of occurrence of the sensations in the order of the ideas. The incoherence of the dreams of the sound mind is simply imperfect recollection, and the absence or dormancy of attention and volition.

Dreaming is not hallucination, although like it. By means of his dreams, the wise man may be helped to understand hallucination. Hallucination is dreaming awake. Hallucination is the state in which the sensations and the volitions are impotent to correct and control the pictures of the imagination. Hallucination is the permanent impotence of the attention and the will. The machinery of the panorama runs on of itself, because the guiding hand has been struck with paralysis.

My ghostly mother paralysed my will and my sight. My eyes saw the shadows of the

night, and she, by the empire of her imagination over mine, made me behold among them hideous and dangerous creatures. The sense of sight showed me the moongleams, and she made them for me the white dead, who had risen, and who beckoned me away. She hallucinated me by the power of habit. The facility of doing a thing, acquired by doing it, repeatedly establishes the empire of habit. Preparing the way during the day, by her conversation, for the apparition of the night, she daily perverted my reason, and nightly diseased my imagination, until I was habitually and completely enthralled by terror.

You see, I was a bad child. I cried. After commencing life by obstinately breaking the first nursery commandment, in crying when told to be good, I grew into a wicked child by disliking the exemplary and amiable, the watchful and devoted creatures who scolded and frightened me. I cannot deny having slapped the cheek of my ghostly mother when sweetly told to kiss her before company. It would be tedious to tell how I was flogged and physicked, ridiculed and rebuked, to make me good. Many days of solitary imprisonment in a cellar, and long weeks of solitary confinement in a garret, did not cure the disorders of my imagination. Finally, the household debarrassed itself of me by sending me to day-schools.

But I was incurable. At school I found the alphabet invested with a *chevaux-de-frise* of difficulties. The symbols were to me mystic, enchanted, unconquerable, and horrible. When I looked at them as they hung against the wall, they seemed positively terrible. They were painted in different colors upon bits of pasteboard about the size of considerable panes of glass. They were all enchanted. As sure as death, they were all full of devils. When I looked at them, they danced zigzag; their angles went off like forks of lightening, their bows grew like rainbows, and their colors shot like the northern lights. How was I to catch a letter when every one of them could gleam away like a shooting star, a celestial cricket? How was I to learn them when they whirled round in pools of fire mist, with fairies, kelpies, tigers, dragons, whales, and ghosts? My schoolmasters having quickly found out the great doctrine of the nursery, that I was a bad boy, treated me as

an enemy, to be subdued at all hazards. I was their enemy. I was an obstacle to their success, a slur upon their repute, an offence to their vanity. Leather blisters applied on the hands and on the legs, anywhere, everywhere, were ineffectual; and, doubtless to their great astonishment and benevolent disappointment, my ears were pulled and my head was knocked about, without the dispersion of my ghostly phantasmagoria. The bewitched symbols only scowled the more wildly,—flashing, flitting, dazzling, grinning, threatening, like the spirit world of my own midnight couch. With the best will I could obediently bestow, I never caught more than occasional glimpses of the O, and transient catches of the apex of the A, or of the angles of the Z.

At last a schoolmaster studied me. He was a young clergyman who had picked up a few physiological notions during his studies. When he addressed a question to my class, he fixed his eyes on me. I remember well, and hope I shall forever, how he called me up to his desk and spoke gently to me. Observing my utter confusion, he asked my schoolfellows questions about me, and elicited a general opinion that I was not right in the head. Almost daily, whenever he observed wildness in my eyes, he sent me out to the playground to play with my marbles and my buttons. After a time, a mild-mannered boy, a year older than me, his nephew, joined me in my amusements. When he had gained my confidence, I intrusted him with my firm and fierce conviction that the alphabet was a hideous collection of spectres invented to torment little boys. My theory of human nature was a generalization of my observations of my ghostly mother. I had no hallucinations respecting my marbles and buttons—a fact which was deemed a conclusive proof of my perversity. The kindly boy once drew an A with a bit of stick upon the ground, and asked me defiantly if I could draw such a clever figure. I tried and did. He told me it was an A. I asked him, what is the use of it? He seemed puzzled to say. Drawing the letter A was an amusement which we adopted when tired of buttons and bowls. My Mentor told me one day, as the most recent discovery in his science, the use of the letter A; it was useful in spelling cat—c-a-t. Nothing daunted, I demanded the use of

spelling cat when we could say it, plump and full; he triumphantly told me we could not read about cats in books without spelling the word. This gentle boy, whose name I never knew, had a mother who used to stop me in the street and speak kindly to me. She was shabbily dressed, and, ever since, I have felt a grateful gush whenever I have chanced to meet a similarly-looking and seedily-attired gentlewoman. Whether it was in compliance with advice, or because I could play without costing anything a quarter, I was taken away from school and told to play near home.

I played near home for several years. As I grew stronger, the words near home became elastic, and my range of playground gradually extended over a couple of parishes, two miles of sand shore, and as many of rocky coast. I wandered along the banks of a canal, of several streams, and two rivers. I explored woods and climbed hills. As long as I continued weakly, I found boys generally very willing to fight me. I preferred solitude to their society. I was not afraid of plants, and I became geographically acquainted with every kind of vegetal production, from the red seaweeds of low water among the rocks, to the plants which grow upon the roofs of ancient churches. I knew where to find several kinds of stones. All animals frightened me, except birds. When I first saw a frog leap, I shrieked deliriously. The truth is, I had not a particle of physical courage. Gradually, however, as my health increased, I conquered every fright, and attacked all animals, up to dogs and bulls. I learned courage from stinging insects and pinching crabs. When I approached work-folks, they usually asked me surlily why I was not at school, and I answered, "There is something wrong in my head." Much practical science was taught me by men whose business it was to work stones, plants, and animals, in ways useful to society. I ploughed the fields with ploughmen; I reaped the sea with fishermen; and I sailed far voyages and fought in the Peninsula where I listened to the yarns of sailors and soldiers. I admired everybody and every thing. As I gave such convincing proofs of sound judgment, my friends declared, generously and unanimously, I had head enough to learn any thing.

When about ten years of age, I was sent

to school once more; at twelve, I was dux of a class of boys of fourteen; and at twenty, I gained some of the highest honors of an university.

My college life did not, however, pass away without a memorable return of my hallucinations. On my first appearance at an examination made annually with antique solemnity, my vanity prompted me to make a needless display of Latinity. For months previously, I worked eighteen hours a day; during the preceding fortnight I studied day and night. When I was called up for public examination by three professors in their robes, and was seated in an immense old chair in presence of a large audience of my fellow-students, I felt my nerves giving way. The sway of my ghostly mother asserted itself once more. As I had the passage of Virgil on which I happened to be examined, by heart, I went on, at first mechanically and fluently, until the letters began their old capers—forking, bulging, shooting, flashing, swerving the page, diminishing the type, expanding the book—with clouding, flying, mocking, menacing things between me and it—and I made a dead stop. The examining professor gave me the word I had lost. There was a long pause. At last the professor said: "I am surprised;" and I replied: "Si-si-sir, I can neither see nor hear." No one laughed at me, if I may believe what I was often assured. However, I have never read a page of Horace or Virgil since I left college, such was the bitterness of my youthful mortification. Prior to my public humiliation, I read Horace and Virgil for the pleasure they gave me; but ever since I left college I have never construed a page of a Latin classic; my readers can judge whether in this respect I am much like other folks, or am peculiarly a weak and vain fellow. Moreover, my juvenile disease of stammering, came back in my trouble: a disease symptomatic of torn or over-stimulated nerves. The affectionate nursery theory of my stammering was, that I was taking time to think what fib I would tell.

Thanks to my infantile experiences, I have always had a profound sense of the fragility of the human mind. This conviction is one of the most salutary of all creeds. Stammering, trembling, and hallucinated, I could scarcely fail to begin life with a lively sense

of the fragility of my own faculties, at any rate. Observation has not given me a much better opinion of the solidity of other folks, who never fell from scaffolds and were not scared at nurse. A strong-minded woman once said: "Well, I do not think there is any thing would drive me mad." A studious man answered, "Madam, you might as well say there is no weight which could break your back." I am of opinion, after all I can observe in this world, that there are no likelier subjects of insanity than the like of her. As I find myself becoming a grey mariner upon the sea of life, I perceive a curious generalization forcing itself more and more upon my attention. Youth and age, birth and death, appearances and results, are more completely contraries than is generally thought. I have seen my very strong-minded acquaintance become mad; the remarkably healthy folks who were never ailing are dead; not a few of the very devout, have turned out rogues and jades.

Stammering and ghosts are both curable diseases. When I began this paper, of course, the affatus was purely benevolent, and not in the least gossippy, which inspired me to tell everybody, how such evils may be incurred and confirmed, mitigated and cured. There is an alchemy which can transmute many of our misfortunes into benefits. Stammering is the insubordination of the pronunciation to the volition, and is cured by all exercises which regulate the pronunciation by the volition. Scanning and reciting verses in the dead languages implies habitual regulation of the voice by the will, and cured me of the disease of stammering.

I have quite cured myself of the ghost pest by making ghosts. The study of the imagination convinced me that the only way to lay the ghosts I inherited, was by setting up a small ghost factory of my own. Combating ghosts by ghosts, the natural has gradually been replaced by the manufactured article, and the spectres which gave me pain have been chased away by benign shades which give me pleasure.

The manufacture of my ghosts is easy and simple. Wherever I reside I find out the ancient residences of remarkable persons the memory of whom is fitted to increase the love of truth and justice. Portraits and de-

scriptions enable me to recall from the dark of the past, the dead of distant days. Whenever I visit the towns in which they have lived, I call upon my ghosts more assiduously than upon my friends. I see them as they lived. Knowing from their writings

their thoughts, I freely discuss with them their opinions. Laugh at me as you may, it is to the device of voluntarily creating such good ghosts that I owe my emancipation from the hideous phantoms which enslaved my childhood.

JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE A. D. 1764.—As the poverty of curates and small incumbents is beginning to arrest public attention, some Notes and Queries on the subject suggest themselves to me.

A very interesting narrative entitled *Journal of a Poor Vicar*, and dated 1764, appeared some years ago in *Chamber's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, vol. ii. No. 17, with the following note appended :

"This singularly touching narrative of certain passages in the life of a poor vicar in Wiltshire is translated from the German of Zschokke, who took it from a *fugitive sketch* that appeared in England from 70 to 80 years ago, and which probably gave Goldsmith the first hint towards his *Vicar of Wakefield*.\* The present translation from Zschokke, who has improved considerably on the original, is by an American writer, by whom it was contributed to 'The Gift' for 1844, published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia."

Can any of your readers give me information respecting the original "fugitive sketch"?

As to the title, I may remark that "Vicar" is used in its obsolete sense, and coincides with the French *Vicaire* and our *Curate*.

The curious picture of clerical domestic economy we get a glimpse of in the *Journal* and in that passage in Eachard's *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion inquired into* (Lond., 1812, p. 71.), which, I think, is quoted by Macaulay, could be paralleled, I suspect, pretty closely at the present day. I shall content myself however, with giving another illustration of the past. Speaking of the right of *Whittle-gate*, Brochett observes :

"The income of the clergy was so very low, that in some places they were allowed a *Whittle-gate*—that is, the Minister was privileged to go from house to house in the parish, and, for a certain number of days, enter his *Whittle* with the rest of the household, and live with them. 'An harden sark, a guse grassing, and a *Whittle-gait*' were all the salary of a clergyman not many years ago in Cumberland; in other words, his entire stipend consisted of a shirt of coarse linen, the right of communing geese, and the privilege of using a knife (A.-S. *Whytel*) and

\* Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was first published in March, 1766.

fork at the table of his parishioners."—*Gloss, in voc.*

The last few lines of Eachard's graphic sketch I subjoin, as they contain a special allusion :

"Oh how prettily and temperately may half a score children he maintained with almost twenty pounds per annum! What a handsome shift a poor ingenious and frugal *Divine* will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cocksock one year, and a pair of breeches another! What a becoming thing is it for him that serves at the Altar, to fill the dung-cart in dry weather, and to heat the oven, and pull hemp in wet! And what a pleasant sight is it, to see the Man of God fetching up his single melancholy cow, from a small rib of land that is scarce to be found without a guide! Or to be seated upon a soft and well grinded pouch of meal! Or to be planted upon a pannier with a pair of geese or turkies, bobbing out their heads from under his Canonical coat, as you cannot but remember the *Man, Sir, that was thus accomplished!* Or to find him raving about the yards, or keeping his chamber close, because the duck lately miscarried of an egg, or that the never-failing hen has unhappily forsaken her wonted nest?"—*Eachard, p. 77.*

Is it known to whom Eachard alludes here, and whom he thus selects as type of a class?—*Notes and Queries.*

ARTESIAN.—Could any of the readers of "N. and Q." inform me the authority on which the word "artesian," as applied to wells is said to be derived from the province of Artois? I have heard it asserted that such wells were first used in Artois; but, unless supported by direct evidence, it would rather appear that the explanation was invented to account for the derivation of the word, considering that the artesian well was used by the Chinese and Persians many centuries back, and was probably introduced into Europe from the East. Would it not rather be in accordance with reason and etymology to derive the word from *Artus*, a *joint*, in allusion to the mode of boxing with iron rods, each rod being screwed into the one previously sunk, and so on; in the same way that artillery is derived from *Artus*, the field-guns in early times being made of several pieces of flat iron bound together by a leather or iron girdle.—*Notes and Queries.* W. D. H.

From The Spectator.

**MRS. FREER'S ELIZABETH DE VALOIS.\***

IN this life of the favorite Queen of Philip the Second, Mrs. Freer has made a considerable advance upon her former biographies of royal ladies. The style is stronger and more sustained; the tone less that of a newspaper-reporter; the matter more real and solid. The facts are mostly of a personal sometimes indeed a trivial nature, embracing the tiffs of women, questions of precedence, and matters of costume; but the first two are often characteristic of French and Spanish nationalities in themselves; they give a glimpse of that hungry poverty and greediness of gain which certainly for a long time distinguished the Gaul in popular estimation; and they are appropriate to the life of a queen whose comfort was in a measure influenced by such matters. Neither were the disputes, though trifling, altogether devoid of consequence in the object. It was Philip's policy to have his wife appear as Spanish as possible, in costume, in manner, and attendants; the last point being of the greatest importance to the Dons and Donnas, inasmuch as salaries were at issue. An air of freshness, too, appears in these and various other details, probably by their being drawn direct from original sources. In addition to the published works of contemporary authors, Mrs. Freer has pursued her researches among the manuscript repositories of France, Italy, and Spain; having obtained access, as we understand her, to the celebrated Spanish fortress of Simancas. In fact, original authorities appear to form the basis of the book. The biographer says that "the narrative with few exceptions has been entirely written from manuscript and unpublished sources."

Elizabeth of Valois has hitherto been chiefly known by the romantic stories of an attachment between her and Don Carlos, for whom some time before the death of Mary Tudor she was talked of as a bride. Late researches have scattered to the winds this theme of romancists and poets, and shown Don Carlos for what he was—an ill-conditioned, violent, wild, and unprincipled

character, whose best excuse was the insanity of many of his family, and whose early death, whether by poison administered by his father's command, or, as seems most probable, by natural causes, was a great gain to his future subjects and no loss to the empire. The exposition of the real truth reduces the biographical features of Elizabeth's life to a narrow compass, little animated by any remarkable circumstances. She was born in April 1546, the eldest daughter of Henry the Second of France and Catherine de' Medici. She was married by proxy at Paris in 1559, and to Philip in person at Guadalajara on the 2nd of February 1560; being, according to the historian Cabrera, in her eighteenth year. Our author with the dates before her corrects the historian by saying she had just entered her sixteenth year: if the figures are correct, she was not quite fourteen—unless 1560 means 1561. She died in October 1568, having borne Philip several daughters. Her death was owing to a premature labor, which her health was too delicate to sustain; a delicacy apparently induced by frequent miscarriages or accouchments, and the treatment of her Spanish physicians, which was about on a par with that of their countryman the celebrated Dr. Sangrado.

The Queen's troubles do not appear to have been of a grievous kind. One trouble exhibited at full length, on the occasion of her marriage with Philip, was a winter journey across the Pyrenees, with its bad roads, snow-storms, and scanty accommodations for such weather. This, however, she brought upon herself by her delay in proceeding on her journey. A pretty constant source of annoyance for some time was the quarrels of French and Spanish attendants, and the manner in which her mother strove to make Elizabeth's position a means of forwarding her own political intrigues. As the Queen of Spain's girlhood passed away, and she acquired more experience and a fuller sense of her own dignity, these annoyances passed likewise. She acquiesced in Philip's determination to send back the greater portion of the Frenchwomen, if she did not encourage it. Learning to appreciate the indecorum and selfishness of her mother, especially when her own position as Queen of Spain is considered, she found means to receive the propositions civilly

\* *Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, and the Court of Philip II.* From numerous Unpublished Sources in the Archives of France, Italy, and Spain. By Martha Walker Freer, Author of the *Life of Marguerite D'angoulême*, and the *Life of Jeanne D'Albret, Queens of Navarre*. In two volumes. Published by Hurst and Blackett.

and submit them when needful to her husband without connecting herself with them. Altogether, she seems to have been a personage of sense and discretion, whose character had she lived would have developed itself into firmness and boldness.

Although the subject of the book is well adhered to, other persons are continually introduced. Elizabeth was educated with Mary Queen of Scots; and, child as she was, for Mary was five years older, she seems to have formed an indifferent opinion of that too famous lady. Don Carlos is so fully handled that we have almost a life of him as well as of his mother-in-law; and although a good deal has been written about him lately, Mrs. Freer's inquiries have exhumed some new information from inedited papers. Such, too, is the case with Mary—a woman who has been the object of more investigation than any other individual of her sex.

"A curious and interesting record of the school days of these two princesses exists in the Bibliothèque Impériale; which, strange to say, has been overlooked by the recent biographers of Mary Stuart, though of moment to the early history of that princess. The manuscript consists of a collection of eighty-six short essays composed by Mary, and afterwards translated by herself into the Latin tongue, the French and the Latin versions standing side by side. The themes are almost all written in the form of familiar epistles or admonitions, addressed to her friend and companion Elizabeth. Sometimes, Mary gives a summary of her morning's reading with her master; at others, she dilates on some royal virtue; and not unfrequently her little essays assume the shape of a reprimand to her sister Elizabeth for indolence or impatience while occupied with her studies. Mary's Latin versions display ability, and sustain the repute which she afterwards acquired for her classical attainments. Elizabeth having one day omitted to show sufficient diligence in her studies, at the lesson of the following morning, Mary addressed her thus—

"*Maria Scotorum Regina, Elizabethæ Sorori, S. P. D.*

"Ce n'est pas assez au commencement de tes études, ma sœur bienaimée, de demander l'aide de Dieu; mais il veut que de toutes tes forces tu travailles. Car ma mie, les anciens ont dit que les dieux ne donnent leurs biens aux oisifs, mais les vendent par les labeurs. Adieu, et m'aime autant que je t'aime. A. RHEIMS."

"Mary's Latin translation of her letter is as follows—

"Non est satis in principio tuorum studiorum a Deo petere auxilium. Sed ipse vult ut totis viribus labores. Nam, amica summa mea et soror, antiqui dixerunt deos non dare bona sua otiosis, sed ea vendere laboribus. Bene vale, et me, ut amo te, ama." \* \* \*

"Had Mary remembered, when seated on the throne, the many wise and tolerant maxims contained in these her school essays, her reign might have been one unsurpassed in prosperity. The quotations from the various authors, both ancient and modern, to which Mary casually alludes in this collection of themes, shows the erudit nature of the education received by the princesses.

"You were astonished yesterday, my sister," writes Mary Stuart in another epistle, 'that being Sunday I quitted the presence-chamber of the Queen to retire into my study. The reason was, that during the last two days I have been reading a colloquy, written by Erasmus, and entitled "Dialogus," which is so fine, so witty, and so practical, that never can it be surpassed. Ah! how he rates those who pass much time in sleep, or who think nothing of wasting time, which after all is the most precious of all things. Moreover, the Latin is easy, and so elegant that it is impossible to read any thing more polished. I will construe some of it to you to-day if I have leisure. Adieu!'

"Mary occasionally addresses her betrothed husband the Dauphin; she also writes to Madame Claude, and to her uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine; always taking as the subject of her theme some incident of her daily life at St. Germain and elsewhere, or selecting a passage or precept from her studies to descant upon."

In noticing Mr. Prescott's life of Philip the Second, we observed that his researches had left a more favorable impression of that monarch than was generally entertained, though no proof of it appeared in his volumes. Mrs. Freer has arrived at a similar conclusion, but in her case we have proofs. Philip's affection for his consort was displayed even in public, and showed itself in private, not ostentatiously, but kindly and quietly. Here he appears quite as a family man: the picture is from an inedited dispatch of the French Ambassador.

"The ambassador Fourquevaux, on the day following the Queen's accouchement, proceeded to El Bosque to congratulate Philip. During the afternoon of the same day, he was conducted to the door of Elizabeth's chamber, by Don Diego de Cordova, that he might be able, on the evidence of his own senses, to transmit a good account

of the condition of the Queen of Spain to his sovereigns. The Queen was reposing on a bed placed under a pavilion of crimson damask, magnificently fringed with gold, and ornamented with heraldic devices. The walls of the apartment were draped with scarlet velvet, striped with a broad embroidery of gold thread. It so happened that the King sat at the head of the bed, reclining in a velvet chair, and when the ambassador paid his visit he was conversing with the Queen. Philip courteously acknowledged the presence of the ambassador, and signed for him to approach. 'His majesty then said, that he was sure her Christian majesty would rejoice to hear of her daughter's happy delivery, as she had been so greatly afflicted by care on her account. He hoped that very shortly her majesty would be convalescent, so that joy might reign without alloy in both courts.' The Queen then asked me, with her accustomed sweet smile, 'whether my courier would soon reach your majesty with the tidings?' I replied, that on Monday or Tuesday next, (August 18), your majesty would without fail be in possession of the news. I then exhorted her majesty to hasten her recovery; and expatiated on the joy which would be felt by you, madame, and the whole of France, when they heard

of her safety, and of the birth of a fair princess.' Elizabeth replied, that it had always been indifferent to her whether she became the mother of a prince or of a princess; 'but now, monseigneur, I rejoice greatly that it is the latter, as the King my lord and husband declares himself to be better satisfied with a daughter.' Elizabeth was then requested by Philip not to converse longer; she, therefore, merely prayed the ambassador to report her good condition, which he had seen with his own eyes, to the Queen her mother; and not to fail to pay a visit to madame l'infante, before he quitted the palace. 'I accordingly obeyed her majesty,' writes de Fourquevaux, 'and found her royal highness very magnificently lodged, about five or six chambers' distance from her mother's. She was fast asleep, lying under a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Without flattery, madame, I may report that the infanta is a very pretty child, having an ample forehead, rather a large nose like that of her father, whom she likewise resembles in the feature of her mouth, and she is considered a great child for her age. In short, madame, the infanta's features and complexion promise great beauty and brilliancy; and the skin of her face is smooth and free from blemishes.'"

PAUL CUFFEE.—The beginning of the present century an American free negro, with the assistance of some individuals (Americans), fitted out a vessel, with the humane and benevolent object to civilize, and I believe also to christianize, African negroes, and from what I have understood he might be classed with Dr. Livingston, who has lately created so great a sensation in this country. Being in command of the vessel he was styled Captain Cuffee, and when out on a voyage he visited England, and I have understood met with a cordial reception, and great encouragement in his most commendable endeavors. I do not find any mention of him in the biographical dictionaries, and request to be informed concerning him, and what was his career.

HOMO.

[Paul Cuffee was born in 1759, on the island of Cutcherbunker, one of the Elizabeth Islands, near New Bedford, and subsequently entered as a sailor on board a merchant vessel, and made several voyages to the West Indies. At twenty years of age he traded on his own account with the people of Connecticut, and made two voyages to the straits of Belleisle and Newfoundland. In 1806 he was the commander of the ship Alpha, of which he owned three-fourths; he manned this vessel entirely by persons of color, and sailed to the land of his forefathers

in the hope of benefiting its natives, where he originated "The Friendly Society of Sierra Leone." On his visit to England he met with every mark of respect from the directors of The African Institution, who gave him authority to carry over from the United States a few colored persons to instruct the colonists in agriculture and the mechanical arts. His active benevolence to benefit his sable race continued unceasing till death terminated them with his life. He died on Sept. 7, 1816, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His life, appended to that of *Prince Lee Boo*, was printed at Dublin in 1822, 12mo.] —Notes and Queries.

"DOMDANIEL."—Can any of your readers enlighten me on the meaning and derivation of the word "Domdaniel." CANTAB.

[The Domdaniel is a Seminary of evil Magicians under the roots of the sea. From this seed has grown the metrical romance of *Thalaba the Destroyer*, by Robert Southey:

"In the Domdaniel caverns  
Under the roots of the Ocean,  
Met the Masters of the Spell."

Southey says, "In the Continuation of the *Arabian Tales* the Domdaniel is mentioned."] —Notes and Queries.

From The National Intelligencer.

THE reader scarce need be told, we presume that we would not lightly, or upon any but authority and motives entitled to respect, admit into our columns any impeachment of Mr. Irving's correctness in his valuable History of the Life of the *Pater Patriæ*; and therefore it is hardly necessary for us to say that the subjoined communication is from a gentleman who has an undeniable right to discuss whatever relates to the character and conduct of Gen. Hamilton.

#### WASHINGTON AND HAMILTON.

In Mr. Irving's fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," recently published, he gives at some length an account of the personal difficulty between these distinguished men in 1781, in which, as it seems to us, he does justice to neither. The origin of this temporary coolness between them, soon after removed and followed by the closest relations to the last hour of Washington's life, hardly seemed to deserve such an extended notice. It should either have been left where it was placed by the parties immediately concerned, or passed over discreetly, after the example of Marshall and other biographers, with a simple statement of the occurrence.

Mr. Irving has thought proper to pursue a different course, and, afflicted no doubt by that disorder of biographers, so frequently observed, as to have obtained a distinctive name, has given a coloring to the transaction not quite reconcilable with the candor of his character, and quite unnecessary for the protection of Washington's fame.

The difficulty is stated with great precision in Hamilton's letter to his father-in-law, Gen. Schyler, dated New Windsor, February 18, 1781, cited by Irving as follows, (1 vol. Works of Hamilton, p. 211).

"I am no longer a member of the General's family. Two days ago the General and I passed each other on the stairs. He told me he wanted to speak to me. I answered that I would wait on him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature.

"Returning to the General, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de Lafayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business. He can testify

how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt.

"Instead of finding the General, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where, accosting me in an angry tone, 'Col. Hamilton (said he) you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes. I must tell you sir, you treat me with disrespect.' I replied without petulancy, but with decision, 'I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you think it necessary to tell me so, we part.' 'Very well, sir, (said he,) if it be your choice,' or something to this effect, and we separated.

"I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes."

It is a rule equally of fairness as of law that a party shall not be permitted to impeach the witness he produces, nor can we suppose, whatever feelings may have influenced him, that Mr. Irving will question the fidelity of Hamilton's statement of the facts, which is in truth the only authentic, and indeed the *only* account of this transaction; yet it seems strange that this statement should have been so travestied as it is in Mr. Irving's comments, which we cite:

"In considering this occurrence, as stated by Hamilton himself, we think he was in the wrong—his hurrying past the General on the stairs without pausing, although the latter expressed a wish to speak with him."

Where is the authority for this? Hamilton says he answered, "I will wait on you immediately;" "his giving no reason for his haste, having in fact no object in hurrying down stairs but to deliver a letter to a fellow aid-de-camp." Is this a candid version of Hamilton's statement that he "went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary (M. Blaiser) containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature?" "His tarrying below to chat with the Marquis de Lafayette, the General all this time remaining at the head of the stairs." How does this commentary agree with the text? "Returning to the General, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de Lafayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business; he can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which but for our intimacy would have been more than abrupt." To any candid

reader of this work we would submit whether Mr. Irving's comments on this paragraph, as quoted above, have not obviously an improper coloring. Lafayette, a Major General in the service, who from policy as well as inclination was treated with the utmost deference by Washington and all others, stopped Hamilton for a minute to talk with him on business, the former, in his impatience to return to the General, leaving him abruptly. What could have induced Mr. Irving, so happy in his use of language, to misapply so strangely the words "tarrying" and "chat?"

The fact is, though it seems to have escaped Mr. Irving's attention, that Washington himself negatives all this theory.

"In less than an hour," Hamilton proceeds to state, "Tilghman came to me, in the General's name, assuring me of his great confidence in my abilities, integrity, and usefulness, &c., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened *but in a moment of passion.*"

Here, as Mr. Irving justly says, is another instance of Washington's magnanimity.

In this short interval he had probably ascertained the facts. The voice of the Commander-in-Chief, raised in an angry tone, had no doubt been overheard. Lafayette himself says he was the first who knew of it, and that he exerted himself to prevent a separation. Tilghman certainly knew it. Hamilton says: "He was importuned by such of his friends as were privy to it to consent to a reconciliation." Washington had probably learned how and by whom it was that Hamilton had been detained, and sent Tilghman to make the frank avowal that "but in a moment of passion" the difference would not have happened.

He acknowledges himself in the wrong, and proposes "to heal the difference in a candid conversation." In this, as it seems to us, is Mr. Irving's great error. He should have left the matter on the footing Washington had placed it. If, as he contends, Hamilton treated the General with disrespect, the message sent by Tilghman acknowledging a momentary heat and passion would have been improper and degrading, an acknowledgment of a wrong on his part when none had been committed. That Washington did not look at Hamilton's con-

duct in this light after reflection, or maybe after inquiry, is manifest from the terms of the overture subsequently made. It also appears by this letter that when Hamilton declined this overture he offered to continue his services until other assistance was obtained, and that Washington accepted and thanked him for this offer. It is impossible that Washington could have been thankful for or could have accepted such an offer from a man who had treated him with the slightest disrespect and then rejected his overture. His services were continued until about the last of March.

That Washington's fiery nature did on various occasions break through his habitual self-control is well established; that he was willing, with the veneration already attached to his person and character, to acknowledge and repair a wrong done at such moments is one of his noblest traits. These spots in the sun, so far from diminishing, add to its lustre. To lose sight of or attempt to explain them away approaches, we conceive, to being a mistake.

So much for the occurrence in chief. Washington's overture, through Tilghman, is declined by Hamilton, who states his resolution not to hold the post of aid-de-camp as "the deliberate result of maxims he had long formed for the government of his own conduct."

Mr. Irving quotes Hamilton's letter to Schuyler as giving the "real key to his conduct," and then intimates that disappointments in various desires "may have rendered him doubtful of his being properly appreciated by the Commander-in-Chief, impaired his devotion to him," and determined him, as he says, "if there should ever happen a breach between them, never to consent to an accommodation."

On this branch of the subject Mr. Irving's remarks are open to much graver objections. The "real key to his conduct" is given, as Mr. Irving says, by Hamilton in the extract cited by Mr. I., as follows:

"I always disliked the office of an aid-de-camp, as having in it a kind of personal dependence. I refused to serve in this capacity with two Major Generals at an early period of the war. Infected, however, with the enthusiasm of the times, an idea of the General's character overcame my scruples, and induced me to accept his invitation to enter his family." \* \* \* "It has often

been with great difficulty that I have prevailed on myself not to renounce it; but, while from motives of public utility I was doing violence to my feelings, I was always determined, if there should ever happen a breach between us, never to consent to an accommodation. I was persuaded that when once that nice barrier which marked the boundaries of what we owed to each other should be thrown down it might be propped again, but could never be restored."

From Mr. Irving's estimable character we are at a loss to conceive why the reasons assigned by Col. Hamilton for his conduct in the above extract should not have been considered as the true and satisfactory ones, instead of seeking, as he has somewhat gratuitously, for selfish motives and disappointed ambition as the real ground of this determination.

Hamilton had served four years as aid-de-camp with a zeal and usefulness to which Washington repeatedly referred. At an early period he had disliked the position, yet remained in it from a sense of public duty doing "violence to his feelings," and often with great difficulty prevailing on himself not to renounce it. The objections to which Hamilton refers will, it seems to us, be readily appreciated, not by those only who are "sensitive and high strung," but by all who feel what are the qualities requisite in the character of an officer and a gentleman.

Mr. Irving, however, in looking for another key, not choosing to use the "real key" offered to him by Hamilton, attributes the determination *long formed* to recent disappointments, and, among others, to a failure to obtain the nomination by Washington to the post of Adjutant General, and states "that he was recommended for that office by Lafayette and Greene; but, before their recommendations reached Washington, he had already sent into Congress the name of Brigadier General Hand, who received the nomination."

Would it not have been well for Mr. Irving to have added that Hand's nomination was made by Washington "greatly in consequence of Hamilton's advice," as stated by Washington himself, (see Lafayette's letter, December 9, 1780,) from which these particulars were obtained. The suppression of this fact has some significance, which Mr. Irving can no doubt satisfactorily explain.

From this letter it appears that accident having thrown Hand in the General's way, and before any application or intimation of such a wish in regard to Hamilton had been expressed by Lafayette or Greene, Washington, "remembering Hamilton's advice," and "greatly in consequence of it," settled the matter with Hand, and sent on the letter to Congress. It is difficult to see, as Mr. Irving does, how a nomination thus made at Hamilton's suggestion could have "rendered him doubtful of his being properly appreciated by the Commander-in-Chief."

The whole affair, according to the only authentic version of it, is reduced to this: Washington in a moment of impatience, assumes that he is treated improperly, and resents it, not in a "measured and dignified," but in an angry manner. The result is a separation. Upon reflection, and after inquiring into the facts, he nobly makes a reparation, which, considering the relative rank and ages of the parties, does him the highest honor. The difficulty is removed; but Hamilton, from personal reasons, not fully disclosed in the letter as published, declines to serve as aid longer than until "the return of some of the gentlemen who were absent;" and in the mean time asks to be permitted to decline the interview, which might "produce explanations mutually disagreeable." And, after a brief interval, the confidential relations of the parties are resumed, and a most thorough and ardent co-operation between them in the public service continues to the close of Washington's life. It is not difficult to understand that these relations were guarded and strengthened by what had before occurred.

Before closing this article we may allude, as a conclusive answer to Mr. Irving's views, that the younger Laurens who, with Hamilton as his second, fought Gen. Lee the year before for his strictures on Washington; Lafayette, Tilghman, Harrison, the confidential friends of Washington and members of his military family, shortly after this difficulty, as if anxious to give their testimony in his favor, addressed to Hamilton the warmest letters of affection, with allusions of regret at the separation. (See 1st vol. Works of Hamilton, pp. 214, et seq.)

Could such men, with the knowledge of this transaction which their position gave

them, have written these letters had their adored commander been treated improperly by the man to whom they were addressed?

We have dwelt upon this incident more at length than its importance seems to justify. A true appreciation, however, of Washington's conduct in every act of his life is of sufficient consequence to give weight to details that would otherwise be trivial; and as Mr. Irving has devoted several pages of a work in which the subject and the author will combine to secure the widest circulation, it is worth some labor to expose an error into which an unwise zeal in Washington's behalf has betrayed him. It is surely more in keeping with Washington's

sublime character to admit that he was hasty in a moment of passion, since he repaired it so nobly that we can hardly regret its occurrence, than to suppose, with Mr. Irving, that he only administered a just rebuke; when we find he subsequently apologized to a very young man, to whom he had done no wrong and was conscious of none.

Severely as he judged himself in comparison with others, we dare not imagine that Washington made an acknowledgment, in the nature of an apology, upon insufficient grounds or from any but the highest motives.

H.

"RELIABLE."—This incorrect word is fast gaining ground, and unless protested against, it will soon find its way into dictionaries, and become recognised English. Thus is our mother tongue weakened and abused! I think many readers of "N. & Q." will thank you for the insertion of the following remarks:

"The Word 'Reliable.'—Will any of your philological readers give a satisfactory authority for the use of this word? It is, as far as I know, quite a recent intruder into our language; and before it wholly succeeds in displacing the old Saxon 'trust-worthy,' perhaps it will be worth while to examine its pretensions. Every one knows that words terminating in *ble* or *bilis*, whether Saxon or Latin, have a passive meaning. There is no need to refer to Horne Tooke and his theory of 'Potential Passive Adjectives' to prove this. A superficial glance at such words as *readable*, *commendable*, *visible*, &c., will suffice. Every such word is, of course, derived ultimately from an active or transitive verb. To form a word having this termination, on the basis of a neuter or intransitive verb, such as the verb *to rely*, is, I think, quite unprecedented, and in defiance of all analogy. We are familiar with *audible*, able to be heard; *ponderable*, able to be weighed; *desirable*, worthy to be desired; and even with Carlyle's euphuism *doable*, able to be done. But if *reliable* is to mean 'able to be relied on,' why may we not have *dependable*, *go-able*, *run-able*, *rise-able*, *fall-able*, and much similar jargon besides? If you can find room for a protest against the use of this word, it may perhaps be of little service. The introduction into current speech of a slovenly or illegitimate word is a national nuisance.—ALPHA."—*Athenæum*, Sept. 20, 1856.

"These loose observations are the result of a train of thought suggested by a word, which, having sprung up (I think) within the last ten years, is now found in nearly every review and newspaper—I mean the word *reliable*. *Reliable* evidence, *reliable* information, and similar

phrases, abound everywhere; but the absurdity of the expression, by whomsoever invented, to say nothing of our having already the nervous old word *trustworthy*, and its synonym *credible*, is a sufficient reason for its immediate rejection. *To rely* is a verb neuter, and cannot precede an accusative without the intervention of the preposition *on* or *upon*; to make it equivalent to *trust* this preposition is indispensable, and therefore if the new word be any thing at all, it is not *reliable*, but *reliable*!"—*Contributions to Literature* (London, 1854), p. 278.—*Notes and Queries*.

BACON'S JUDGMENTS.—Lord Bacon says, in his confession and submission:

"I hope also that your lordships do rather find me in a state of Grace, for that in all these particulars there are *few* or *none* that are not almost *two years old*; whereas those that have a habit of corruption do commonly wax worse: so that it hath pleased God to prepare me by precedent degrees of amendment to my present penitency."

Was this statement true? And is it true that, though there were numerous appeals, in *no one* case was a decision of Lord Chancellor Bacon's altered or reversed?—*Notes and Queries*.

MOTIVE POWER FOR SHIPS.—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742, there is the following paragraph (p. 105). On the 2nd of February "an experiment for moving ships in a calm was performed at Deptford, by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, and met with approbation."

Is it now known what was the nature of this experiment? It is just possible that it may have been connected with the steam-engine, which had been suggested by Jonathan Hulls a few years before, as applicable for the purpose of towing ships. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give further information.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## BY THE BEDROOM FIRE.

I HAVE heard people, in talking of their dreams, tell how there is one particular Appearance that comes over and over again, under some special circumstance; and how, let them do what they will to ward it off, yet so surely as they lie down under the influence of such circumstance, so surely does the same figure arise in the same places and enact anew the fragmentary drama, never to be finished in this world. When I say "ward off," I mean that, just by way of experiment, they sometimes try what power they have to put it aside. I do not wish to infer that they have in general any horror of it; I think, on the contrary, they would be sorry to part with it. It is something so peculiarly their own, that it gives them an importance, resembling that of families who are distinguished enough to have a ghost or banshee; and I am sure they like to tell about it more than anything.

Although I am myself one of these people, I am different from them in a single respect, for I have never yet spoken to any one of a dream I have had for some time now. It was only last night, that awaking from it as the winter storm swept by the house, and wondering whether any one similarly situated had ever experienced anything like it, I determined to set it faithfully down, word by word, just as it happens. It is always in one place this vision comes to me, and at one time—in my own bedroom, sitting in a low chair beside the fire, which, with flameless, palpitating glow, makes a low dream-light in the chamber. Then, when the house is quiet—when the wind goes southing by—when the little kettle upon the hob makes its low purr—when the firelight is dimly reflected at great depths in the polished dark old furniture—when I have put on a particular white dressing-gown with wide hanging sleeves and loose neck—and when my hair falls down after the fashion of my girlhood—it is then I find myself face to face with this dream-figure. So quietly it steals in, as if it were some invisible limning within my heart which the sacred home-fire drew forth to palpability upon the surface, that I am unconscious when it first comes to me. I can feel it with its little face upon my bosom long before I look at it with my happy dimmed eyes; and it seems to me as if the

star arose over my dwelling as it shone from heaven ages ago, upon the young child and his mother, hallowing for ever since then the holy cradle of a mother's arms.

I am agitated by no surprise when I first see it, and yet my heart beats fast. It seems to me as if all that had ever been pure and peaceful in my own life—all my fancies, all my hopes, all the love I ever felt or could feel, lay concentrated there before me; as if I had no longer anything to desire; as if my very soul, purified, lay calmly sleeping upon my knees. I am sure if I have any distinct feeling at all, it is that I could die for it; whatever else is in my mind, that is uppermost—I could die for it; and as this thought comes, another dream seems to rise within my dream, full of wild, incoherent passions of defence: of struggling with armed men, as mothers did in the days of Herod the Tetrarch—of buffeting with the waves—of being torn by savage animals—of flying with bare and bleeding feet, and streaming hair, through the wild night, and holding it ever to my bosom as my exceeding great reward; for the moment the vision comes, it brings me a fierce strength, such as does not belong to my nature, which is indeed but weak and timid.

From these nightmare fancies I am recalled by a whole series of operations, in which I treat my dream-figure with a familiarity to be accounted for only as a dream inconsistency. I hold him in no more reverence than if he were the waxen baby I used to play at love with. I splash him and puff him; I battle it out with him, with quite a ludicrous sense of my power: the self-assertion of his kicking and crying affords me the most intense amusement through all my flurry. I make no more of compelling his rebellious little fat arms in and out of all sorts of intricacies, than if I were the Brobdignag nurse I read of in the story-book long ago. I will have everything about him my own way—smooth and neat, folded over and tucked in. I am firm in my notions regarding his figure, and finish him off with three yards of bandage, like a young mummy. I never relax a string in the matter of the night-gown, but overcome him with it like a shower-bath of calico, from which he emerges red and shivering, and turn him over on his face with an unsympathizing imperturbability that seems almost fiendish in its heart-

lessness. After this final struggle, I have conquered, and have only to fix my flag of victory upon his head, by inserting it into his little crimped night-cap, which, with all the letting out of running strings, is, I am proud to say—I say so to myself—"growing too small for him." So, the cruel task over, my tender-heartedness returns, and with his little hands wandering about my neck—with the fire-light enwrapping us both in its genial glow—with the kettle singing its low lullaby—with the wind passing on its mysterious course, he sleeps his sweet sleep. "And they brought young children to Him that he might bless them." These are the words I always hear as I watch at such a time, addressed, as it were, with something of tender reproach to myself and telling me that, guided by the little innocent hand, I, too may come to the golden gate, and receive a share of the blessing.

If there is one thing I am more proud of than another about this dream-darling of mine, it is his feet—always excepting his hair. Indeed, these two points of excellence, belonging to different periods of the dream—for many years lie compressed within the fantastical hour—I rather dwell upon each exclusively in turn. Thus, when first he comes to me, I almost blush to recall the childish delight, the thrill of joy afforded me by the sight and touch of the little rosy warm feet, that have never trodden the wicked earth. How I watch them basking in the genial fire-glow—how I kiss them, and fondle them—how it is happiness enough to hold them both within my one hand, and feel they live!

A little later, and his hair becomes his strong point—that tiny scrap of silken hair that just emerges from his cap. Never was there such a love-lock! It is smoothed down, parted on either side, parted on one side: there is no end to the fashion this morsel assumes, until it grows beneath my hand, and clusters in thick chestnut curls upon the boy's head. After this, the feet retire into complete obscurity, never being visible out of red shoes, blue shoes, sandalled shoes, and so on, but once—that is, while he is still a little child, and kneeling in his bed-gown, with flushed cheeks and bare feet, at my knees, lisping my name in his evening-prayer.

Soon after this innocent prayer, I cease to see myself. I perceive all that is going on equally well, but I no longer have any con-

nection with the scene: I am oppressed with a dreadful feeling of helplessness, and long to cry out and awaken. With an agony of entreaty, I try to fold the child in my arms, but they restrain him no more than the air. I struggle frantically even to touch him—to speak to him one word—to let him know that his own mother stands beside him. But the wind that goes whispering by bears away upon its wings my dull dumb moanings; the flickering fire-light traces no shadow of my outstretched hands. At this particular passage of my dream, a picture that really hangs in my husband's study always shapes itself out of the thickening shadows. It is one of myself; a pale, sad face, with heavy eyes, not pretty, with no happy smiles and bright bloom, such as win children's love; and as they say to the boy that it is his mother's picture, I could find it in my foolish heart to weep bitterly that the painter had been so faithful—that he had not traced fresh joyous beauty, radiant eyes, and star-encircled hair, so that the boy should think of a guardian-angel whenever he thought of his mother. This is, I think, at once the most sharply defined and the silliest part of my vision; and soberly awake, I am ashamed to know that it is always here my tears flow with an unvarying certainty.

After this, it seems as if the doors that had shut us in together, opened on every side, and admitted strangers, the one who has taken my place in the house, even wearing things that I well know. She is a lady with a stately presence, and with but cold looks for the little ones I see gathering around her, an ill-restrained impatience of the lonely child in the distance. From this I generally fall into a dull torpor of unutterable distress, and see things for some time with all the hurried flitting, meaningless gatherings and dispersings, intangible shifting and general incoherence of dream-scenery: but in them all is the boy. He is a fine manly fellow, with a grand head and proud dark eyes; something about his mouth, too, of almost girlish sweetness, but as he grows up, settled into stern compression. For he grows up in this dream of mine—past the unloved childhood—through the dull school-days, unchecked by the bright intervals of home, that mark the year to other children with so many distinct epochs of happiness whereby to calculate the flying months—on into his

premature manhood; so all that it does indeed seem a wild fancy that I could ever have borne him in my arms: so care-worn in this his early youth, that none but a mother's eye could detect the lingering traces of his childhood's innocence and repose.

I do not know my son's age. In this wild confusion of time, it gives me no astonishment to walk with him at one moment a little lad, with open collar and white throat, dusty worn-out shoes and bundle, trudging along the high road, and turning his face from his father's house for ever: and the next, to stand beside him in his poor chamber, a lonely dejected man, over whose head years of disappointment have swept. And from this time I never lose sight of him continuously. By the dying fire-light, in the flickering gleam of his student-lamp, when the wind lifts up its voice and howls like a ravening animal waiting for its prey without—through the dreary nights when, like the Galilean fishermen, he toils in great deeps vainly—then it is given me to stand beside him—to lay my shadowy hands upon his aching head to soothe him, all wayworn as he is with his world-pilgrimage, into rest, to arise in his dreams from the far-off years, and bless him with the holy mother-love.

Here, as I do in my vision, I must stop abruptly. From this point, it seems to me, that a mist gradually intervenes between us, making things behind at first vague, and by

degrees stealing upon their very outlines, and so blending them into an even darkness. Nor does this fading out of the details of my dream-fancy occasion me pain. In proportion as I see less clearly, the keen sympathy of my interest decreases, and returns from following the fortunes of the child to a mere consciousness of unspeakable love lying dormant within my bosom; and this love brings him back quite naturally, and without mental effort, to my arms, a little, tender, helpless, sleeping thing, just as I see him first. My dream thus always commencing and terminating in the same way, has led me to speak as if it were unvaryingly throughout the same, which is not the case. Indeed, why I should have selected such gloomy circumstances to surround him with, in preference to the many bright and joyous ones I see him as often the hero of, I do not know, except that, unconsciously, I have been influenced by a kind of vanity in setting down those that seemed most romantic amongst my silly fancies, or from the common instinct that makes a child of sorrow dearer to a mother, as I have heard mothers say, than any of her happy ones.

So, with a start, I awake. I am still sitting in the same place, but my fire-light has died into the darkness. It is cold and cheerless. I creep to my bed, and, like Rachael, weep for my children, because they are not.

QUOTATION WANTED.—“*Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew*”—UNEDA is informed that this line is from Heber's prize poem on *Palestine*, and alludes to the erection of the Temple, which “was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard while it was building.” (I Kings vi. 7.)

The line referred to by UNEDA (slightly altered in his quotation) occurs in a poem entitled *Palestine*, one of the early poetic productions of the late Bishop Heber. The idea, so elegantly expressed, was suggested to Heber by Sir Walter Scott, as we learn from the subjoined extract from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*:

“From thence [London] they proceeded to Oxford, accompanied by Heber; and it was on this occasion, as I believe, that Scott first saw his friend's brother Reginald, in after-days the Apostolic Bishop of Calcutta. He had just been declared the successful competitor for that year's poetical prize, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brazenose College, the MS. of his ‘Pal-

estine.’ Scott observed that, in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him, namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines—

“‘No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,  
*Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.*”

Majestic silence!’ &c.”

—Notes and Queries.

E. B.

REV. JOSEPH PILMORE.—Methodism was introduced into Philadelphia in 1769, by Rev. Joseph Pilmore, who emigrated to America in that year, on a mission from Rev. John Wesley. Mr. Pilmore subsequently obtained orders in the Episcopal Church, and exhibited great zeal and activity in promoting the interests of Episcopacy. Dr. P. died at Philadelphia about thirty years ago.

When, and where, and of what parentage was Dr. P. born? At what time did he enter the Methodist ministry?—Notes and Queries.